The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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CONTENTS.

NEWS NOTES 45

WHOLESALE REPORTS OF THE BOOKSELLING TRADE 48

THE BOOKSELLERS' DIARY 50

THE READER—

Sir Richard Burton. By Thomas Lloyd 51

The Choice of Books: Samuel Johnson. By Ranger 55

Swinburne's Tragedies. By Alfred Noyes 57

The "Bookman" Prize Competitions 62

Rondeau. By A. Margaret Ramsay 63

NEW BOOKS—

More About Sir Walter. By George Saintsbury 64

Lauru Donatus. By R. C. Lehmann 65

Things Indian. By Alice Perrin 66

Holy Ireland. By Anne Macdonell 67

History of Modern Liberty. By D. Hay Fleming 67

The Religion of Numa 68

The Wild Flowers of Selborne. By Edward Thomas 68

Vaux et Præterea Nihil. By Lewis Melville 69

The Synthetic Philosophy in Slippers. By Stephen Reynolds 70

The Mysteries of London. By A. St. John Adcock 70

Browning Letters. By Edward Dowden 71

The Poetry of Life. By W. J. de la Mare 72

Angling Reminiscences. By David Hodge 72

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE—

Scotland and the Union—Love's Testament—Sir Henry Irving—Plays and Lyrics—Letters from Samoa—By-paths in the Balkans 72-74

NOVEL NOTES—

The Angel of Pain—The Jungle—The Healers—Nostalgia—Out of Gloucester—Wild Justice—The Triumphs of Eugene Valmont—The Same Clay ... 74-76

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS 76

NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH 77

NOW READY.

'The Bookman' Illustrated History of English Literature,

1s. net. **PART VII.** *1s. net.*

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

By the death of Dr. Richard Garnett, The Bookman has lost a staunch friend and brilliant contributor. For many years Dr. Garnett wrote regularly in these pages, and almost his last—if not, indeed, his very last—work as a reviewer was his article in our last number on Mr. Greenslet's "Life of James Russell Lowell." The volumes sent him for review in the present issue were returned with the information that an affection of the eyes prevented him in the meanwhile from undertaking any literary work. With startling suddenness followed the announcement of his death. During his brief illness the deprivation felt most keenly by Dr. Garnett was the want of his beloved books. Without them, life had lost its savour. To Dr. Garnett, as to Hazlitt, books were "the first and last, the most home-felt, the most heartfelt of all our enjoyments." So much was this the case that we cannot regret that for this great bookman

"The stage scarce darkened ere the curtain fell."

The tributes which have appeared to the memory of Dr. Garnett from every section of the press have been marked by a sincerity of appreciation and of regret such as it is given to few men of letters to evoke. Of the proverbial envy supposed to be incident to the literary life, there was here no single note. When we bear in mind that Dr. Garnett's career as an author and critic extended close on half a century, we shall best appreciate the full significance of these tributes to Dr. Garnett's qualities of head and heart. As regards the latter, eulogy is likely to fail by understatement. For the tale of Dr. Garnett's acts of kindness to several generations of literary workers will never be told. Of his great work at the British Museum he has left an enduring monument. But he has also a monument in the hearts of countless literary students—the poor and undistinguished as much as the rich and famous—who will cherish a grateful recollection of the generous use to which he put the wealth of his great erudition, of his unwearied patience, his perfect courtesy.

We regret to record the untimely death of another contributor, Mrs. Chesson (Nora Hopper), a brave, sweet singer whose short life had become overcast with much sorrow and care. In The Bookman for January, 1905, in an article devoted to "The New Young Irelanders," the writer well said of Mrs. Ches-

son: "I do not know what depth of poetry is hers, but I know her power to set rhymes and lovely names and old refrains of songs without beginning or end, sounding in my ears. Her power of suggestion is extraordinary, and so is her skill of ballad rhythms. She is as a wandering fairy of the roads, enticing the not unwilling traveller to fairy thresholds, and then vanishing—not of the kind that sweeps a mortal away from kith and kin, and keeps him, though pining and homesick, in the underland. But fairy she is. What else has kept the terror and the grime and the daily tragedy of London out of the verse of one London born and bred, who had never seen a fairy rath or Irish haunted bog or hill?"

Messrs. Macmillan will issue shortly the first volume of Professor Saintsbury's important undertaking, "A History of English Prosody from the Twelfth Century to the Present Day." The subject is one which has engaged the author's attention long prior to his election to the professorial chair of the duties of which it necessarily forms a part.

The only two previous attempts to cover the subject are Mitford's and Guest's, the latter of which is vitiated by its method of adjusting the evidence to suit preconceived theories. Professor Saintsbury's guiding principle throughout is that "the Rule comes from the Work, not the Work from the Rule." The labour involved in such an inquiry may be gauged

Photo Kate Pragnell, Brompton Square, S.W. **Mrs. Griffin.**
Author of "Lady Sarah's Deed of Gift."

The late Mr. G. E. Lock.
Head of the publishing house of Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co., Ltd.

from the author's statement, "I believe I have read almost every printed line of English verse before 1600; and I know that I have read every poet of the slightest repute since that date, and a great number of poets who neither have nor deserve any."

Mr. Wymond Carey's fine historical romance, "No. 101," is already in its fifth edition. We understand that the author's identity is a well-guarded secret, Mr. Carey *in propria persona* having won distinction as an historian.

Mrs. Alice Perrin has finished a collection of short stories concerning native Indian superstitions, manners, and customs. Messrs. Chatto and Windus will publish the book this month.

The funeral of Mr. George Ernest Lock, head of the publishing house of Ward, Lock and Co., Ltd., who died on Good Friday at the early age of forty-four, took place on the 19th inst. at Cock Fosters, near Barnet. The pleasant countryside in which the church is set forms an appropriate resting-place for one who had in him so much of the spirit of Richard Jefferies, and preserved, even in the stress and pressure of competitive business-life, an almost boyish love of the "open road" and the sights and scenes of rural life.

It was one of his principles that "all the eggs should not be put in one basket," and the publications of the house cover almost every class of book, from works of reference like the Moxon editions of the poets, "Beeton's Household Management," and "Haydn's Dictionary of Dates" to penny books for the people, on

such subjects as photography and poultry-keeping. He took the keenest possible interest in the very successful *Windsor Magazine*, combining a knowledge of books with a sound journalistic instinct that was scarcely ever at fault. He also took a special interest in the firm's well-known series of guide-books, which have established a wide reputation for accuracy and completeness. Not a few novelists of the day have to thank him for their "discovery," and for some at least of their success. By his staff Mr. Lock was genuinely liked and admired. He was quick to recognise ability, and always ready to reward it as opportunity served.

Mr. Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett's volume on Port Arthur is now in its second large edition. The book has proved one of the most successful yet written about the recent war.

A volume of great value to all students of history and of modern warfare is promised this month by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton in Captain Klado's "The Battle of the Sea of Japan." Here for the first time we have first-hand information from those who faced Togo in the biggest battle since Trafalgar. We are given the narratives of many of the Russian officers who actually took part in the engagement. The book is superbly illustrated by a series of invaluable and authoritative photographs.

Another interesting naval work, but one of more general interest, will be issued immediately by the same firm. This is Mr. Edward Fraser's "The Enemy at Trafalgar: as Told from French and Spanish Records." The book relates, in their own words as far as possible, what those who faced Nelson in the battle endured under fire. The book really constitutes the highest possible tribute to Nelson's own memory. It contains a large number of portraits and other illustrations, many of them presented to English readers for the first time.

An interesting work on the France of the Second Empire is promised in the volume "Memoirs of Malakoff." "Malakoff" was the pen-name of Mr. W. E. Johnston, who represented an important American newspaper in Paris during the Siege and the Commune.

The first volume of Messrs. Hutchinson's new series of unabridged reprints will appear this month. For tenpence net the publishers are offering a choice library of science, fiction, travel, *belles lettres*, poetry, including such things as Darwin's "Origin of Species," Lytton's "Last Days of Pompeii," Leigh Hunt's "The Town," Browning's Poems. More than thirty volumes are already announced. We congratulate the publishers and the book-buyers. But think of the booksellers!

Mr. Guy Thorne's new novel, "Made in His Image," will be published immediately by Messrs. Hutchinson. Mr. Thorne's new book will doubtless be successful, for it is launched by the *Daily Mail*—and a Bishop. It is likely that gratitude will induce the author to embellish this and all his future works with an heraldic device showing a mitre transfixed by a thorn.

A full and complete life of Robert Owen, the great Socialist, is promised immediately by Mr. Frank Podmore, one of the founders of the Fabian Society.

Sir Harry Johnston's important work on Liberia will be published immediately, containing twenty-eight

Photo Elliott & Fry. **The late Mrs. Chesson (Nora Hopper).**

coloured plates from the author's own paintings and nearly four hundred other illustrations. The book will form a complement to the author's standard work on the Uganda Protectorate.

"Five Fair Sisters" is the title of Mr. H. Noel Williams's forthcoming book, which will tell the romantic story of the five celebrated nieces of Cardinal Mazarin.

"In Subjection" is the title of Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler's new novel, which will be published this month. The characters include Isabel Carnaby, although the book is not a formal sequel of the author's earliest and very popular novel.

We understand that Messrs. Hutchinson have post-

poned the autumn publication of Lucas Malet's new novel, "The Far Horizon." The novel, which introduces some well-known characters from her previous books, is nothing if not up to date, touching on matters of modern finance, manners and morals, the modern church and the modern theatre.

We understand that nearly a million copies of Allen Raine's books have now been sold. Her forthcoming novel, "Queen of the Rushes," centres round the recent revival movement in Wales.

Miss Mary Cholmondeley's new novel, "Prisoners," will be published early in the autumn. It is a love-story, laid first in Italy, and then in England. The author has published nothing since "Red Pottage."

The interesting collection of pictures illustrating the life and adventures of Sir Richard Burton we owe to the courtesy of his most recent biographer, Mr. Thomas Wright, The Cowper School, Olney. To Messrs. Everett and Co., the publishers of Mr. Wright's "Life of Richard Burton," we have also to express our indebtedness.

Wholesale Reports of the Bookselling Trade.

(1) ENGLAND.

March 20th to April 20th, 1906.

During the past month trade has well maintained the customary level for the time of year, and although certain growlings have been from time to time heard, satisfaction was evinced in that the period immediately preceding the holidays appeared in no wise to suffer, as is so frequently the case, for until the actual commencement of the break the demand continued to be fairly active.

The sales of the 6s. novel have been considerable, and among those issues which have been especially prominent, the following may be mentioned:—"The Way of the Spirit," "Giant Circumstance," "The Fifth Queen," "Traffic," "The Jungle," "The Bending of a Twig," "Kid McGhie," and "The Sphinx's Lawyer." Many other issues have, however, been in daily request.

At 5s., "The Race for Life," and at 3s. 6d. "Dick," have been the prominent items.

Whilst fiction has to a considerable extent dominated the Lenten period, a few religious books have attained a marked success; for instance, "It Ringeth to Evensong" has been continuously in request, and the popularity of Bishop Lang's "Thoughts on the Parables," Bishop Ingram's "The Gospel in Action," and "The Life Superlative," by Stopford A. Brooke, deserves to be noted. "A Symposium on Christianity and the Working Classes" has also attracted much attention.

"The Memoirs of the late Archbishop Temple" has continued to increase its number of purchasers, and, together with a few other items such as "Home Life with Herbert Spencer," "On the Queen's Errands, being attractive reminiscences of P. H. M. Wynter, one of the late Queen's Messengers," the recent addition to the Literary Lives Series, "Sir Walter Scott," by A. Lang, and a cheaper edition of "The Life of G. J. Holyoake," have combined to form satisfactory business in the biographical line.

The following is a list of the books which have been most in demand throughout the past month:—

Six Shilling Novels.

The Way of the Spirit. By Rider Haggard. (Hutchinson.)
Traffic. By E. T. Thurston. (Duckworth)
Giant Circumstance. By J. Oxenham. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
The Bending of a Twig. By D. F. T. Coke. (Chapman and Hall.)
The Fifth Queen. By F. M. Hueffer. (Alston Rivers.)
Kid McGhie. By S. R. Crockett. (J. Clarke.)
The Sphinx's Lawyer. By F. Danby. (Heinemann.)
The Gambler. By K. C. Thurston. (Hutchinson.)
The Jungle. By A. Sinclair. (Heinemann.)
If Youth but Knew. By A. and E. Castle. (Smith, Elder.)

The Race for Life. By Guy Boothby. 5s. (Ward, Lock.)
Dick. By G. F. Bradby. 3s. 6d. (Smith, Elder.)
Temple (Archbishop) Memoirs. By Seven Friends. 2 vols. 36s. net. (Macmillan.)
Frenzied Finance. By T. W. Lawson. 6s. (Heinemann.)
Home Life with Herbert Spencer. By Two. 3s. 6d. (Arrowsmith.)
On the Queen's Errands. By P. H. M. Wynter. 10s. 6d. net. (I. Pitman.)
Scott (Sir Walter) Life. By Andrew Lang. 3s. 6d. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Holyoake (G. J.) Life. Cheaper Edition. 2s. 6d. net. (Unwin.)
Thoughts on the Parables. By Bishop Lang. 6s. (I. Pitman.)
It Ringeth to Evensong. By A. G. Mortimer. 3s. 6d. (Skeffington.)
The Gospel in Action. By Bishop Ingram. 3s. 6d. (Gardner, Darton.)
Two Years amongst New Guinea Cannibals. By A. E. Pratt. 16s. net. (Seeley.)
Eleven Eaglets of the West. By P. Fountain. 10s. 6d. net. (J. Murray.)
The Medical Annual, 1906. 7s. 6d. net. (J. Wright.)
The Life Superlative. By Stopford A. Brooke. 6s. (I. Pitman.)
Christianity and the Working Classes. 3s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)
Everyman's Library. Each vol. 1s. and 2s. net. (Dent.)
Fishing for Pleasure. By E. Marston. 3s. 6d. net. (T. W. Laurie.)
The Green Room Book. 5s. net. (T. and T. Clark.)
Physical Efficiency. By J. Cantlie. 3s. 6d. (I. Pitman.)
Black's Medical Dictionary. 7s. 6d. net. (Black.)
Sixpenny Reprints.
Special Spring No. of "The Studio."

Weekly Summary of the Wholesale Book Trade.

Week ending
March 24—Slight increase on previous week.
" 31—Home departmeits active. Exports dull.
April 7—Brisk in all departments.
" 14—Demand well sustained.
" 21—Somewhat slack.

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(2) SCOTLAND.

March 20th to April 20th, 1906.

The closing fortnight of March found us none too busy, but we are pleased to be able to state that with the advent of April there has been a seasonable improvement, which continues to show an advance in business. This month we have had no popular book of marked importance, orders having been largely various, with a fair sprinkling of educational orders from country towns, mainly for school books for the junior classes.

Among the new theological literature we specially note three important books which show promise of good sales, namely, the first volume of T. M. Lindsay's "History of the Reformation," "Rests by the River," by Rev. George Matheson, and David W. Forrest's "The Authority of Christ." In mission books we have just received a new edition of that popular American work, "Down in Water Street," by S. H. Hadley, which has sold so largely.

This year being the Buchanan Quater-Centenary, we are being asked for the following lives, which have been specially prepared for the celebration:—"George Buchanan and his Times," by P. Hume Brown; D. Macmillan's "George Buchanan, a Biography," and a new edition of Robert Wallace's "Life of Buchanan," which was completed by J. Campbell Smith.

That there is still a large public who enjoy the personality and the many rollicking stories of Charles Lever is evident from the very hearty manner in which Edmund Downey's Biography has been taken up. Another biography which we find still moving is W. S. Churchill's smartly written life of his father.

The six-shilling novel is still a most important factor in our book sales; the following are the leading volumes this month: "If Youth but Knew," by those accomplished collaborators, Agnes and Egerton Castle; "The Gambler," "The Mayor of Troy," by "Q."; S. R. Crockett's "Kid McGhie," F. Anstey's collection of humorous stories, "Salted Almonds," John Oxenham's "Giant Circumstance," "The Face of Clay," by H. A. Vachell; Max Pemberton's "My Sword for Lafayette," and "The Scarlet Pimpernel," now in its sixteenth edition; this last book has had quite a remarkable sale, having sold steadily since publication in January of last year.

The bookstalls this month are brightened up with the new and clever covers of the latest shilling volumes issued for this line. "The Vital Spark," by that bright and racy author who signs "Hugh Foulis," should have a very large sale. "Jess and Co.," by J. J. Bell; "Jean," a tale of certain Glasgow life, by John Blair; "Irish Wit and Humour," by W. Harvey; "Deals," in Barry Pain's usual strain; "Mysteries of Modern London," by G. R. Sims, and others are going off well.

A new series of sixpenny athletic handbooks issued by "British Sports Publishing Co." has been a great success; the new volume just issued, "How to Run 100 Yards," by the champion, J. W. Marton, should be eagerly bought by the budding athlete.

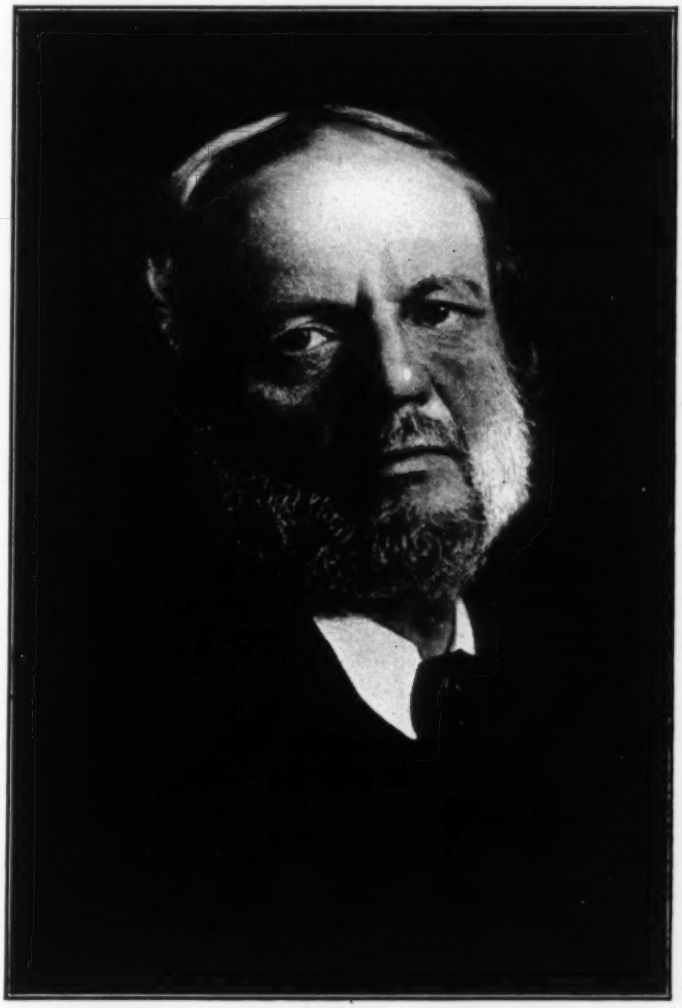

Photo Heath Haviland. Addison Studios, Kensington.

The late Dr. Richard Garnett, C.B.

At present there appears to be a great demand for penny books for children, especially for fairy tales. We have now in the field Stead's pioneer series, "The Books for the Bairns," Messrs. Dean's "Little Ones' Library," and the Aldine Publishing Co.'s "Tales for Little People," all of which are doing well.

The new edition of Sweet's "Villa and Cottage Gardening" has gone off well. This work is specially arranged to suit the requirements of our northern climate. We have also had inquiries for "Everyman's Book of Garden Flowers," by J. Halsham.

Dent's "Everyman's Library" still sells largely.

The following volumes have also been in demand:—"The Highlands and Islands of Scotland," in Black's "Beautiful Books"; "The Modern Home," by W. S. Sparrow; the Spring "Studio"; "Port Arthur, the Siege and Capitulation," by E. A. Bartlett.

The following is a list of the books which have been most in demand during the past month:—

Six Shilling Novels.

If Youth but Knew. By Agnes and Egerton Castle. (Smith, Elder.)
The Gambler. By K. C. Thurston. (Hutchinson.)
The Mayor of Troy. By "Q." (Cassell.)
Kid McGhie. By S. R. Crockett. (J. Clarke.)
Salted Almonds. By F. Anstey. (Smith, Elder.)
Giant Circumstance. By John Oxenham. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
The Face of Clay. By H. A. Vachell. (Murray.)

My Sword for Lafayette. By Max Pemberton. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
The Shadow of Life. By D. Sedgwick. (Constable.)
The Scarlet Pimpernel. By Baroness Orczy. (Greening.)
The Fifth Queen. By F. M. Hueffer. (Rivers.)
Mr. John Stroud. By Percy White. (Constable.)

Miscellaneous.

Charles Lever: His Life and Letters. By Edmund Downey. 2 vols. 21s. net. (Blackwood.)
History of the Reformation. Vol. I. By T. M. Lindsay. (T. and T. Clark.)
Rests by the River. By Rev. George Matheson. 5s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
The Authority of Christ. By D. W. Forrest. 6s. (T. and T. Clark.)
Port Arthur: The Siege and Capitulation. By Ellis Ashmead Bartlett. 21s. net. (Blackwood.)
Lord Randolph Churchill. By W. S. Churchill. 36s. net. (Macmillan.)
George Buchanan and His Times. By P. Hume Brown. 1s. net. (Oliphant.)
George Buchanan: a Biography. By D. Macmillan. 3s. 6d. (Morton.)
Life of George Buchanan. By R. Wallace and J. C. Smith. 1s. (Oliphant.)
Highlands and Islands of Scotland. Painted by W. Smith, Junr. Described by A. R. Hope Moncrieff. 10s. net. (Black.)
Villa and Cottage Gardening. By A. Sweet. 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d. (Scott.)
Mrs. M. T. Stevenson's Letters from Samoa, 1891-95. Edited and arranged by M. C. Balfour. 6s. net. (Methuen.)
The Vital Spark and her Queer Crew. By Hugh Foulis. 1s. net. (Blackwood.)

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

From May 1 to June 1.

Messrs. A. and C. Black.

FULLEYLOVE, JOHN, R.I., and REV. J. A. M'CLYMONT, M.A., D.D.—Greece: A "Colour Book." 20s. net.
GOBLE, WARWICK, and PROF. ALEXANDER VAN MILLINGEN, D.D.—Constantinople: A "Colour Book." 20s. net.
CALTHROP, DION CLAYTON.—English Costume. Illustrated. Section II., Middle Ages. 7s. 6d. net.
AFLALO, F. G. (Editor).—Fishermen's Weather. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. net.
BROWNE, EDITH A.—Gothic Architecture: How to Enjoy Buildings. Illustrated. 3s. 6d.

Messrs. W. Blackwood and Sons.

NOYES, ALFRED.—Drake: An English Epic. Books I.—III. 4s. 6d. net.
BLACK, KENNETH MACLEOD.—The Scots Churches in England. 5s. net.
NOBLE, EDWARD.—Fisherman's Gat: A Story of the Thames Estuary. 6s.
INCHBOLD, A. C.—Phantasma. 6s.
SKRINE, FRANCIS HENRY.—Fontenoy, and Great Britain's Share in the War of the Austrian Succession. 21s. net.
DUFF, DAVID, B.D.—An Exposition of Browning's "Sordello." With Historical and other Notes. 10s. 6d. net.

The Cambridge University Press.

CONWAY, SIR MARTIN.—No Man's Land. A History of Spitzbergen from its Discovery in 1596 to the Beginning of the Scientific Exploration of the Country. Royal 8vo. With Illustrations and Maps. 10s. 6d. net.
BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.—Complete Plays and Poems. In ten Volumes. Edited by Arnold Glover and A. R. Waller. Vol. III. 4s. 6d. net.
CRABBE, GEORGE.—Poems. In three Volumes. Edited by A. W. Ward, Litt.D. Vol. II. 4s. 6d. net.
LYDGATE, JOHN.—The Assemble of Goddes. Facsimile Reproduction in Photogravure of Wynkyn de Worde's Westminster Edition (1500). 17s. 6d. net.

Messrs. Cassell and Co.

FRASER, JOHN FOSTER.—Pictures from the Balkans. With Coloured Plate, Map, and 40 Black and White Plates. 6s.
Royal Academy Pictures, 1906. Complete Volume. Paper Covers, 3s. net; Cloth Gilt, 5s. net.
LE QUEUX, WILLIAM.—The Woman at Kensington. With 2 Coloured and 6 Black and White Illustrations. 6s.
ANON.—The Thames and its Story. With Rembrandt Photogravure and 96 Illustrations from Photos. 6s.
ANON.—Pictorial London. With upwards of 400 Photographic Views of the metropolis and neighbourhood. 12s.
STANDING, PERCY CROSS.—The Hon. F. S. Jackson. With Introduction by Prince Ranjitsinghi. 2s. 6d.

Messrs. Chatto and Windus.

PERRIN, ALICE.—Red Records: Indian Stories. 6s.
MITFORD, BERTRAM.—Harley Greenoak's Charge. 6s.

COUPON.

YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

MAY, 1906.

GORDON, SAMUEL.—The Ferry of Fate: A Tale of Russian Jewry. 6s.
PRAED, MRS. CAMPBELL.—The Lost Earl of Ellan. 6s.
WALLACE, LEW.—Ben-hur: A Tale of the Christ. New Edition. 3s. 6d.
HYATT, A. H. (Compiler).—The Pocket Charles Dickens. Selections from his Works. 2s. net Cloth; 3s. net Leather.
WYNDHAM, HENRY SAXE.—Annals of Covent Garden Theatre, 1732-1897. 2 Vols. With Illustrations. 21s. net.

Messrs. Archibald Constable and Co.

FYVIE, JOHN.—Some Literary Eccentrics. 12s. 6d. net.
MELVILLE, LEWIS.—Early Victorian Novelists. 12s. 6d. net.
TREVELYAN, G. M.—The Poetry and Philosophy of George Meredith. 3s. 6d. net.
SICHEL, MISS EDITH.—The Life of Alfred Ainger. 15s. net.
LEACH, A. F.—The History of Warwick School. 10s. net.
HOBSON, R. L.—Porcelain of all Countries. 12s. 6d. net.
MOFFATT, H. C.—Old Oxford Plate. £4 4s. net.
SETON, ERNEST THOMPSON.—Animal Heroes. 6s. net.
HILL, G. F.—Historic Greek Coins. 10s. 6d. net.
BOISSIER, GASTON.—Tacitus, and Other Roman Studies. 6s. net.
MACHIAVELLI, NICCOLO.—The Florentine History. 12s. net.
PINCHES, THEOPHILUS G.—The Religion of Babylonia and Assyria. 1s. net.
BARNETT, DR. L. D.—Hinduism. 1s. net.
ANWYL, PROFESSOR.—Celtic Religion. 1s. net.
GISSING, GEORGE.—House of Cobwebs. 6s.
MACILWAINE, HERBERT.—Anthony Britten. 6s.
ACEBAL, FRANCISCA.—Face to Face. 6s.
DUNCAN, SARAH JEANETTE.—Set in Authority. 6s.
JOHNSTON, MARY.—The Old Dominion. Pocket Edition. 2s. 6d. Cloth net; 3s. 6d. Leather net.
JOHNSTON, MARY.—By Order of the Company. Pocket Edition. 2s. 6d. Cloth net; 3s. 6d. Leather net.
Boswell's Account of Dr. Johnston's Tour to the Hebrides. 2 Vols. 2s. net.

Messrs. Duckworth and Co.

GLYN, ELINOR.—Beyond the Rocks: A Love Story. 6s.
MCKAY, WM. D.—The Scottish School of Painting. In the Library of Art, the well-known "Red Series." 7s. 6d. net.
CALTHROP, DION.—King Peter. 6s.
HALE, L. CLOSSER.—A Motor-Car Divorce. Illustrations in Colour. 6s.

Mr. William Heinemann.

MILLET, JEAN FRANCOIS.—The Drawings of fifty Facsimile Reproductions, with an Introductory Essay. Imperial 4to. 300 copies only. 50 hand-made paper, £6 6s.; 250 pure rag, £4 4s.
Brandes, George, The Early Life of. Demy 8vo. 6s. net.
DICKENSON, H. N.—Things that are Cæsar's. 6s.
MOORE, GEORGE.—Memoirs of My Dead Life.
Tolstoy, Leo, The Early Life of. Demy 8vo. 6s. net.
VAN VORST, MARIE.—The Sin of George Warrener. 6s.
VON HUTTEN, The BARONESS.—What Became of Pam. 6s.
GROSVENOR, The HON. C.—The Whole Story. 6s.
OMAR KHAYYAM.—The Rubaiyat. Favourite Classics. 6d. net and 1s. net.
DANBY, FRANK.—Pigs in Clover. Paper Covers. 6d.
WELLS, H. G.—The War of the Worlds. 6d.

Mr. T. Werner Laurie.

WITT, GEORGE, K.C.—Life in the Law: Reminiscences of the Bench, Bar and Circuit. 6s. net.
BUMPUS, T. FRANCIS.—The Cathedrals and Churches of the Rhine and North Germany. 6s. net.
WALKER, ERNEST, M.R.C.S.—Modern Medicine for the Home. 2s. 6d.
GIBERNE, AGNES.—Rowena: A Novel. 6s.

Messrs. Alston Rivers, Ltd.

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THE READER.

SIR RICHARD BURTON.

By Thomas Lloyd.

IT is fifteen years last October since Richard Burton died at Trieste. He had been looking forward to retiring from the service of an ungrateful country and taking up his abode in a London flat. With him there was no talk of "settling down." To the man who had spent nearly fifty years in roaming over the face of the earth, who had never been happy when constrained to remain in one place more than a few days, the chief advantage of a flat was that "it could be locked up at a moment's notice when the owner wanted to go abroad." Death was kind enough to take him suddenly, to spare him those infirmities which turn the doughtiest travellers into home-keeping men. Burton in activity, found it difficult to discharge all his volcanic humours: Burton caged, would have represented a tragedy. And with tragedy we do not associate him. He was the plaything of life's ironies. They chased him living from continent to continent. They have pursued him in death. During these fifteen years his biography has been written five times. A devoted but injudicious wife did her worst. Mr. Thomas Wright, of Olney, has done his best in two volumes marked by punctilious industry and a perfect genius for taking pains. He has brought together much new information, and has laboured earnestly to get at the truth. Better still, he employs that virtue, so rare in a zealot, of seeing the weakness as well as the strength of his subject. He has given us a biography which is entirely conscientious and never dull. With this simple result: to keep the ironies dancing on Burton's memory.

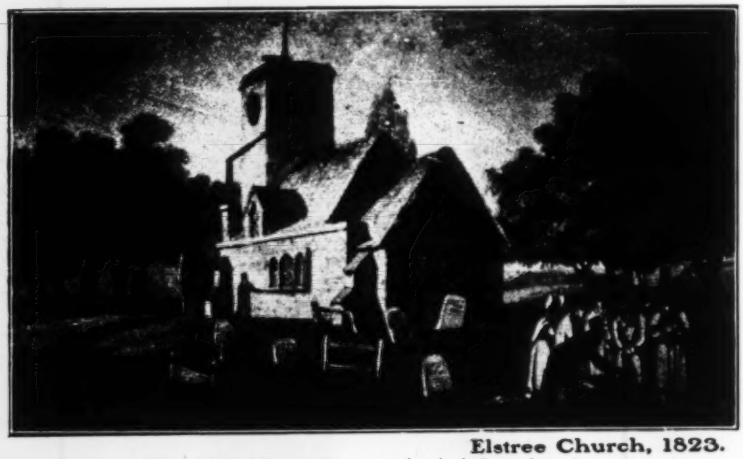
The sport began at the man's birth. The first and greatest ironic accomplishment was to bring to English parents a child who should have been born in the tent of some wandering Arab on the hot desert sand beneath the parching sun; or in the caravan of a wild gipsy, roaming the earth without a suspicion that there are better things; or, long ages before, in the moving court of a warrior-king Tartar or Persian. That a baby destined to show such peculiar and distinctive desires and capacities should have been bestowed on an amiable British officer harassed by a firm and futile belief in his own scientific attainments, a sort of prosaic Don Quixote who was always dabbling in chemical experiments under the delusion that he would extract therefrom an infallible medicine and a miraculous soap—that Richard Francis Burton, in short, should have been indulgently welcomed to the household of Lieutenant-Colonel Joseph Netterville Burton, almost persuades one to a faith in changelings, and the interference of fairies with the cradles of humankind. It is beyond our humdrum province to speculate whether in March, 1821, a little boy with markedly English characteristics, the real Richard Burton, was dropped into an Arab or gipsy nursery. The problem of him who became Richard Burton—most foreign of Englishmen, most desirable of aliens—is sufficiently puzzling without fantastic accompaniments.

Either Colonel Burton, lost in his experiments, did not realise what a son he had got even when some twenty years had been added to his age, or he recognised his eccentricities so clearly as to wish to purge them away by a drastic remedy. Anyhow, he tried to make Richard a parson, sending him to Oxford for that purpose. But for once the ironies were not to rule. Richard overcame them by getting rusticated or expelled from the University, and subsequently taking the first steps towards becoming a soldier. Here begin what may be called his scientific wanderings—his travels with an object. Are they not written in volumes which, if laid one on top of another, would make a pile eight feet high? Such is Mr. Wright's computation, and we are neither able nor disposed to confute him. The record concerns a multitude and variety of adventures such as have fallen to the lot of few men since the "grave Tyrian trader" found his way "betwixt the Syrtes and soft Sicily, to where the Atlantic raves." Two exploits are reported of Burton while in Sind which struck, as it were, the keynotes for his after career. Among his pastimes was riding on the backs of crocodiles. To occupations which may be

Photo by J. Holloway, Cheltenham.

Richard Burton, his sister Maria and brother Edward.

From a Painting in the possession of Mrs. Agg, of Cheltenham.



Elstree Church, 1823.

Where Richard Francis Burton was baptised, September, 1821.

likened unto that, for risk and dare-devilry, he was addicted during many subsequent years. His famous pilgrimage to Mecca was but another and more dangerous form of crocodile-riding. Had his Arab disguise been penetrated, he would not have been allowed to live to tell his story in three bulky volumes —which ought, by the way, to have been thrilling from cover to cover, but were not, since here, as in everything he wrote, Burton misused his material. The other exploit was less fortunate in its results and influence. It was a secret inquiry undertaken at the request of Sir Charles Napier into certain vicious practices of the inhabitants of Karachi. Burton seems to have acquitted himself admirably in the investigation, and doubtless collected much curious lore. Unfortunately, it was destined that such learning should become an obsession to him. In later days it led to his famous or infamous annotations to the "Arabian Nights," and to melancholy waste of energy over "The Scented Garden." The immediate consequence, however, was that Burton became the object of much unjust suspicion.

The ironies were getting to work. Their victim had done his duty in Sind. It was not his fault if he had found it vastly interesting, for Nature had made him incapable of disgust. But where he might have expected a moderate amount of official gratitude, he encountered frowns. After he had escaped alive from Mecca, the material reward was almost equally unsatisfying. For a brief space his name was in all men's mouths, but ere he arrived home to hear it spoken in admiration, the public had erected another idol in their market-place. He set out for the interior of Africa, and by indomitable perseverance in the face of countless hardships, arrived on the shores of Lake Tanganyika; but Speke, his comrade, went on alone to the Victoria Nyanza, and the Victoria Nyanza, not Tanganyika, proved to be the source of the Nile, so that Speke, not Burton, received the chief glory. The chapters of the story are so much alike that they weary in the reading. Good, honest, able effort unrequited! At last Fortune does seem to smile. Burton is appointed Consul at Damascus. Now have his lines fallen in pleasant places. He loves Damascus, and exercises a sway that is well-nigh imperial. But of course he makes enemies, and as diplomacy never ran in his blood, nor was considered worth the trouble to learn, these enemies succeed in plunging him into hot water. He is dismissed —"ignominiously dismissed" are the words written in his diary—at fifty years of age.

Why was it? Can we attribute the misfortunes simply to his being "Time's fool," the sport of ironies? Only by assuming the preposterous and ignoring the obvious. Man must be guilty of contributory negligence before the malign deities can run him down. Burton was hot-headed, dogmatic, intractable, tactless, unreasonable. Where he should have conciliated he offended; where he should have weighed evidence he jumped to conclusions; when he should have listened he shouted. Nothing more and nothing less could have been anticipated from an Arab in a wrong setting. Moreover, Burton possessed a wife.

The ironies, when they introduced him to Isabel Arundell, concealed their malicious intentions under a mask of pleasantness. From one point of view it is questionable whether Burton could have married a better wife; from another, whether he could possibly have chosen a worse. Lady Burton adored him with an adoration such as we read about in sentimental novels. To her he was and remained the greatest man in the world, the peer of all heroes past and present, the master of all poets and prose-writers. Her loyalty touched infinity so nearly that her powers of criticism were eclipsed. Her devotion transcended every bound and limit. Burton was not fittingly rewarded by his country: it appeared to her an inevitable consequence that the Government of the country should be prodded and pricked into a beneficial sense of shame: who so fit to perform the pricking and prodding as Isabel Burton? We gather that not only was Burton deprived of the most profitable of counsellors, the critic on the hearth, but was unceasingly assured, by the one person in the world who should have told him the truth, that he had no faults whatever. Worse still, while the wife was thus slothful at home, there was no end to her indiscreet activity abroad. She was continually pestering the great with "Give Burton this, give Burton that," while they must have been alternately amused and disgusted by the clatter. The humour of it! Richard Burton, who had grown used to carrying his life in his hand and shouldering death aside—Richard Burton, who had sauntered coolly between the savage guards at Harar, "a six-shooter concealed in my waist-belt, and determined, at the first show of excitement, to run up to the Amir, and put it to his head, if it were necessary, to save my own life"—Richard Burton, who had cut his way through a horde of Somalis and fought Maghrabis with ash-staves—Richard Burton, to all intents and purposes, was tied to a wife's apron-strings! He may have been dominant, have done the dragging; she certainly did the tugging behind. To the classic pictures of Achilles at Scyros and Hercules at the distaff must be added the modern full-length of Burton in

silken bonds. Much is forgiven to those who love. Lady Burton loved with a passionate abandonment. But the ironies, still active, almost succeeded in turning the relations of husband and wife into that foolishness which is the unpardonable sin. If Burton had not been a great man his reputation would not have survived the affectionate attacks of Lady Burton.

She, of course, was a Roman Catholic, whose constant aim it was to bring all men into the true faith. He had adhered to most religions in his time—saving only the orthodox. Beginning with Sufism, he had continued in Mohammedism, progressed to Atheism, and finally arrived at a belief which no man knew. It may have been Catholicism—and it may not. Probably not. The significant point is that he and his wife were equally superstitious in different directions. She would drop charms into his pocket in the hope of converting him to her faith. On discovering them he would throw them away, and was constantly chaffing her on the religion she professed. But the religion he did not profess but firmly held was superstition pure and unalloyed by higher attributes. A star-sapphire was among the amulets, "holy and unholy," which for various purposes he carried about the world, and to Africa he bore a little canvas bag containing horse-chestnuts "against the Evil Eye and as a charm to ward off sickness." They did not save him from marsh fever. Palmistry attracted, crystal-gazing absorbed him. Yet he reverenced Gibbon, that monument of level-headedness, and admired Darwin and the modern scientists. One fancies, however, that the amulets represented the actual man, these literary and philosophic enthusiasms being but the veneer, the additions of European civilisation. The fondness for the star-sapphire he could not help. It was the endowment of some far-away ancestor, whose simple rule of conduct was to be ferocious in warfare, fearful of offending the dark, mysterious divinities, richly content with fleshly pleasures. Burton could no more resist superstition than his dislike of old maids, his theoretical bias towards polygamy, and his robustious manner when the cook failed to provide dinner at the appointed minute. Another exotic characteristic was his fondness for probing the grimiest recesses of human, particularly Oriental, nature. The ironies fastened on it. It enabled them once more to give and to take away.

We have seen that Burton was left at the age of fifty a disappointed man. Dismissed from employment, he was almost penniless. The Government came to the rescue with an offer of the consulate at Trieste. The pay was only £700 a year, but that was better than nothing, and was therefore accepted—not without indignation. No doubt it was hard for so distinguished a man to be relegated to a second-rate port in the prime of his years. Critics more calm than Lady Burton, however, will not forget that Burton had failed disastrously in the consular service, and will suspect that by this time authority had discovered his unfitness for responsibilities demanding discrimination and diplomatic aptitude. There may have been real kindness, in the circumstances, in sending the lion to a safe yet roomy cage, where he could roar in safety and enjoy a good deal of liberty. His leaves of absence—for the necessity of travel—were long and frequent, so much so that complaint is said to have been made to the Foreign Office, whence came the reply that the Trieste consulship was looked on as a gift to Sir Richard Burton for his services to the nation, and he could not be interfered with. So Sir Richard travelled, and, more important, found leisure to carry out a project which he had entertained for many years—an ample and unexpurgated translation of the "Thousand and One Nights." Mr. John Payne had forestalled him, but while he admired Mr. Payne's work he considered that much ground was left to be covered, and that none could cover it save himself, Sir Richard Burton. Mr. Wright demonstrates pretty conclusively that Mr. Payne's version formed the groundwork for Burton's, and that Burton adopted whole slices of it without material alteration. But the second translation certainly possessed what the first lacked—a wealth of notes, into which Burton poured

Barham House, Elstree, where Burton spent his Childhood.

Mr. Richard Baker.
(Sir Richard Burton's Grandfather.)
From the Original in the possession of Mrs. Agg, of Cheltenham.
Photo by J. Holloway, Cheltenham.

his full store of curious knowledge. Whether those notes were a blessing or curse to humanity is a nice point for discussion between the scholar and the moralist. The pecuniary result was all the author could wish. Money poured into his pockets as it had never poured before. He was relieved of all anxiety regarding ways and means. This scholar and explorer, who had sought fame and fortune in four continents, struggled for them with all the strength of his strong nature and won them not, produced a book wherein much wit and wisdom were mingled with an intolerable deal of filth, and immediately received dazzling assurance that at last he had given the world something it wanted, something it was willing to pay for. Well might the ironies chuckle!

This, it may be objected, is a Philistinish way of stating the case. The apologists urge that Burton was rapt in a scholarly enthusiasm. Having knowledge which no other Englishman possessed, he felt it must not die with him. Somehow it should be set down in imperishable print. Other opportunities had failed: this last could not be let slip. From the good motive he took advantage of it. From the good motive also he sold his book at a prohibitive price, in order that scholars and scholars alone should have access to it.

True! Burton *was* a scholar. He had deluded himself into the belief that this peculiar branch of his learning was of inestimable value. He had previously endeavoured to make other men as wise as himself. But he had not omitted to notice that "curious" literature had a high market value, nor was he so innocent as to suppose that only scholars could and would afford the guineas asked for the volumes. The man who writes a book unfitted for the vulgar eye, and publishes it at a big price in order that only scholars shall read it, either ignores the fact that scholars are not invariably millionaires, or forgets that there are millionaires who are not scholars. That Burton regarded the transaction like a man of the world becomes apparent from his letters, rather nauseous letters, in which he gloats over the large demand for the "Nights" among feminine readers. His conviction was that "all the women in England will read it, and half the men will cut me." When that portion of the British public which could and cared to pay the money for the "Nights" had shown its appreciation of his learning, Burton was encouraged to deal with other works in a similar fashion. No bound could now be set to his scholarly or money-making energy. He worked laboriously, grudging the time for meals; and it is an old story that after his death the manuscripts of his "Catullus" and "Scented Garden" proved too strong even for the taste of Lady Burton, inured as she must have been to the discussion of esoteric indecencies, and were solemnly burnt by her in sacrifice to the proprieties.

Unpleasant as it is, the subject has interest because it throws light on one of the most prominent of Burton's Oriental, or at least un-English, characteristics. Such studies created no disgust in his mind; he could not realise the honourable expediency of calling a spade not a spade but an agricultural implement. Probably no worse than the majority of his fellows in respect of positive morality, he was lower than the lowest in lack of shame in uttering the unutterable. The same comparison has been made by travellers between the dark-skinned races and the white.

Considering and wondering at his gifts, we come to the conclusion that Burton might have governed a continent: he died the consul of a petty port. He might have been numbered among the foremost heroes of exploration: he is barely remembered by the multitude in connection with Tanganyika. He might have written the finest stories of travel in the language: his works are already fading from recollection. At one moment his judgment failed him; at another, his temper; at a third, his talent. Little cracks that seemed trivial by comparison with its noble moulding brought the vessel to destruction. His failure to write great books strikes one as the most inexplicable and the hardest to excuse. A mind packed with the learning of many nations, a life crammed with experiences that are the stuff whereof romance is made, a character alive with the material of genius, did not enable him to compose one book for which immortality can be predicted. No hand was ever readier with the pen. He wrote anywhere, everywhere. A halt in the desert and the quiet of the Athenæum Club served him equally well. Once he was seen furiously covering paper as he sat on the stairs of a London house. He had come there to some social entertainment, and finding that the company was dull, had determined not to waste the evening. He used his pen as he used his staff on the pilgrims to Mecca and his sabre in Somaliland: like a furious giant. His volumes—let us repeat Mr. Wright's testimonial—would make a pile eight feet high. But they are dull, and defaced by the extraneous. In the making of books the giant's energy does not take one very far. Burton should have been thrilling—nobody asked of him chiselled phrases—and he is not so much as absorb-

ing. He ought to have beaten Borrow, whereas he has not rivalled Warburton. The healthy habit of self-criticism was not among his endowments, and Lady Burton, who could have supplied the deficiency if she "had had the mind," was more careless than himself. He made verses by the yard, and they are not worth reading. The "Kasidah," his masterpiece, boasts half a dozen good lines, and the rest is unsplendidly null. Thousands of pages have been written to his memory, and they hardly deserve a place in a well-selected library. Poets have apostrophised him, notably Mr. Swinburne and Mr. Henley. Let us hope their lines will do what the biographers cannot.

For the poems were written in the glamour of Burton's personality, and it is that, so hard to convey, by which he influences the imaginations of men. He stands as a type of the domiciled barbarian, the natural man turned loose into nineteenth-century society. We see it in his face and feel it in his work. We recognise it in the stories told of his discourtesies and indiscretions. Oxford, the London drawing-room, Knowledge, each passed him through its crucible and left him exactly what he was before. Civilisation could neither redeem nor subdue him. Unsubduable, irredeemable, he remains like no man before or since: Richard Burton the Unique.

THE CHOICE OF BOOKS.

"The happiest persons, as well as the most virtuous, are to be found amongst those who unite with a business or profession a love of literature."—JOHNSON.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

"THE memory of other authors is kept alive by their works, but the memory of Johnson keeps many of his works alive." Against this saying of Macaulay's, Johnsonians still rage in vain. But it is possible even to doubt that it is an understatement. How many of his works have been kept alive even by virtue of his wonderful personality! It is a significant fact that while scarcely a year passes without a new reprint of Boswell's "Life," our most enterprising publishers have omitted Johnson's own works from their most liberally planned series of reprints. This is a crude test, no doubt, and we are not to be taken as applauding the sagacity of the publishers. A selection of Johnson's best essays, of his table-talk, of his critical judgments, are three volumes lacking which any series of English classics must be woefully incomplete. But this does not invalidate the belief to which Macaulay gave such emphatic expression (in words curiously enough almost literally quoted from Johnson himself) that only "the memory of Johnson keeps many of his works alive." Long before Macaulay's essay, Burke anticipated the verdict of time when he said that "Johnson appears far greater in Boswell's books than in his own."

These judgments of Burke and Macaulay are quite irrefutable. But they require to be read in the light of an indispensable footnote. They refer to Johnson's reputation only in the hands of the general reader. To the student of literary criticism, Johnson stands in no need of Boswell's letters of introduction. By sole right of "The Lives of the Poets," and the "Edition of Shakespeare," Johnson takes his place among the few really great critics of English literature. His position is secure beside Dryden, Lamb, Hazlitt, Arnold. Among the fluctuations of critical fashion, Johnson's work looms up as a veritable tower of strength, which still stands four-square to every wind that blows.

One line in his poem, "London," Johnson inscribed in capital letters:—

"Slow rises worth by poverty depressed."

Many years later he declared in the familiar style, "Sir, when a man is tired of London, he is tired of life; for there is in London all that life can afford." Between these two quotations extends the life of Johnson. They recall to us the most salient facts in that absorbing story which has been woven into "the most popular biography in the language." Biographical industry, applied as it has never been to any other man of letters, has not succeeded in telling us much of Johnson's early years in London. Something of the struggle we know. We know that he supped full of the horrors of Grub Street poverty, and that he endured privations of which he could never bear to speak, but which told their own story in many unmistakable traits. Boswell's Johnson is not the whole Johnson, and the fact is apt to be overlooked. We think of him as the dictator of literary London, and forget that three years before Boswell was born, Johnson, in company with Richard Savage, was walking the streets of London in actual want of bread. When Boswell met him on that great day more than twenty years later, Johnson's supremacy was unquestioned, and the dread of poverty had been dissipated by a well-earned pension of three hundred pounds a year. For biographical purposes, the poverty of great men is not without picturesqueness. Indeed, no eighteenth century biography would appear quite complete without the introduction of those comical fellows, the Bailiff and the Dun. Do not the comic dramatists tell us how merry a place was Grub Street—young men of genius throwing off verses and amusing themselves in their ample leisure by beating the watch, or passing off a too attentive bailiff as a body-servant! Johnson knew all about this kind of fun—and he was signally reticent about it. Much of the

Richard Burton and his sister, Lady Stisted.

From an Oil Painting by Jacquand, executed about 1851, and now in the possession of Mr. E. S. Mostyn Pryce, of Gunley Hall, Staffordshire.

Photo by J. H. Anderson & Son, Welshpool.

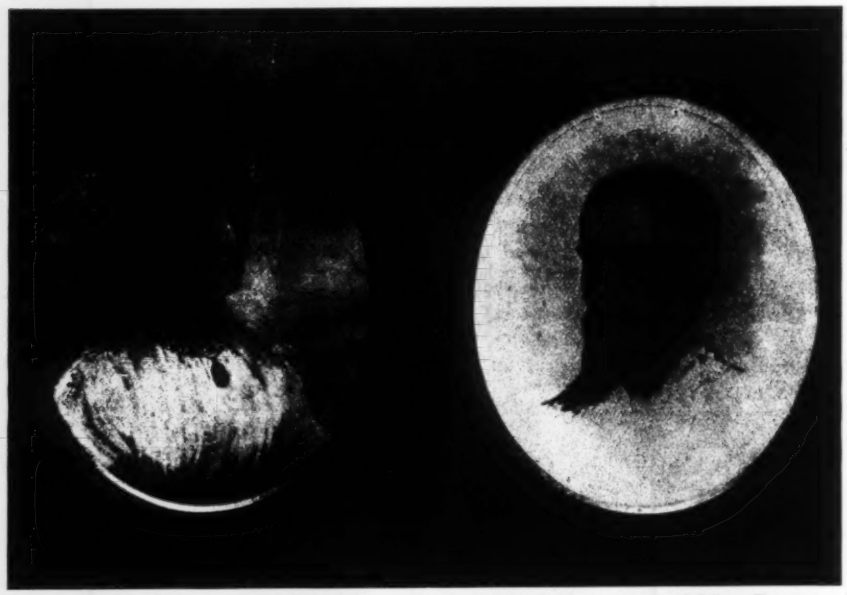


Photo by Albert Flint, Camberwell.

The "Wedding Portraits" of Captain and Mrs. Burton.

From the Original in the Central Library at Camberwell, reproduced in the "Life of Sir Richard Burton," by permission of the Committee.

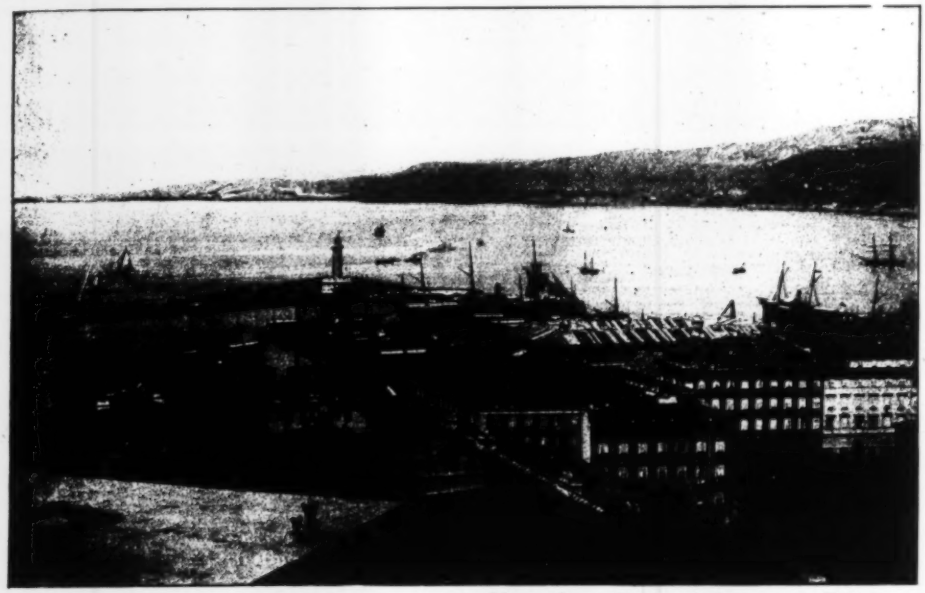
charm of Boswell's "Life" is due to the serenity of its atmosphere. There is no black cloud of poverty hanging over it. Happily it records for us the Indian summer of Johnson's life. He had fought his way to the top, and for twenty years he

"ruled as he thought fit,
The universal monarchy of wit."

No English writer has enjoyed so great an ascendancy. How bravely it was earned can only be understood in the light of some acquaintance with that early struggle. And without this knowledge no one can interpret Boswell's Johnson aright. Without that no one can make due allowance for his asperities and his bearishness; no one can estimate even approximately his splendid qualities of head and heart. Uncouth, brusque, and domineering manners remained to tell us of the Grub Street days. But they are not the less reflected in that noble record of unostentatious kindness which will endear the name of Johnson to English readers even longer than his critical reputation may endure. In the days of his very moderate prosperity, Johnson's house was a veritable asylum for the poor. "He is now become miserable, and that ensures the protection of Johnson."

The result of eight years' toil, Johnson's Dictionary was more than an advance upon its predecessors. English dictionaries which preceded it were little more than glossaries, and Johnson's two folio volumes justify their popular fame as the first real English dictionary. The etymology was behind Johnson's own day, and is long ago obsolete. But the real merit of the work lies in the fact that it was an attempt to give an exhaustive list of words sanctioned by literary usage, and to illustrate that usage by means of apposite extracts. This latter feature gives it a real value yet, as an authoritative key to eighteenth century literary usage, and Johnson succeeded in so stamping the book with his personality that to consult it now is no less pleasurable than instructive. It was in connection with the Dictionary that Johnson wrote his two noblest passages of prose—the conclusion of the Preface and the Letter to Lord Chesterfield. "I have protracted my work till most of those whom I wished to please have sunk into the grave, and success and miscarriage are empty sounds; I therefore dismiss it with frigid tranquility, having little to fear or hope from censure or from praise." Again, "Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and when he has reached the ground encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it."

The view that long obtained of Johnson's edition of Shakespeare as a scamped and useless piece of work has been abandoned by modern scholars. His name is identified with no brilliant textual emendations; it is indeed his special merit that he rid the text of not a few critical absurdities with the keen scimitar of his common sense. "Other editions," says Professor Nichol Smith, "are distinguished by accuracy, ingenuity, or learning; the supreme distinction of his is sagacity. . . Not only was Johnson's edition the best that had yet appeared; it is still one of the few editions which are indispensable."



View from Burton's house at Trieste.

Burton accepted the Consulate of Trieste in 1872.

Of the fifty-two "Lives of the Poets," which are Johnson's critical monument, some half a dozen have received an attention which does not justify their general neglect. In his handling of a forgotten poetaster one may observe the same critical faculties at work as in the essays on Milton and Cowley. And the "Lives of the Poets" is a composite whole which cannot fairly be estimated by considering this or that component part. The attack on Lycidas and other so-called critical lapses are among the commonplaces of allusion. We all know about the humours of the magisterial manner; but are slow to recog-

nise in Johnson, the critic, a judge whose knowledge of the literary law was masterly and profound, and who dispensed it without fear or favour. Johnson was not exempt from prejudices, furious prejudices, but he was so to an extent uncommon among critics of any time. It is his supreme merit that he never confuses criticism with the mere expression of personal preference and dislike. His conclusions are all honestly arrived at by a process of sound logical deduction. Johnson's criticism, we may think, is a watch that sometimes goes slow. But the essential thing is that it never goes irregularly. Its error calculated and allowed for, it is still one of the most reliable and indispensable instruments in the critical observatory.

RANGER.

Some suggested text and reference books :—

Johnson's (Six Chief) Lives of the Poets. Ed. Matthew Arnold. 4s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

Boswell's Johnson. Abridged by R. Ingpen. 1s. (Hutchinson.)

Johnson's Lives of the Poets. 5 vols. 3d. each. (Cassell.)

The Age of Johnson. By T. Seccombe. 3s. 6d. (Bell.)

Johnson : His Characterisation and Aphorisms. By James Hay. 6s. (Gardner.)

The Mid-Eighteenth Century. By J. H. Millar. 5s. net. (Blackwood.)

Johnson. By Leslie Stephen. (E. M. L.) 1s. (Macmillan.)

SWINBURNE'S TRAGEDIES.

BY ALFRED NOYES.

THE publication of the collected "Swinburne" has called forth a great deal of criticism, the interest of which lies chiefly in the fact that it shows how largely both the critics and the public still fail to appreciate the work of one whom they nevertheless acknowledge to be not only the greatest living poet, but also a great survivor of one of the most splendid periods in our poetic history. Their failure is of course due to Mr. Swinburne's exceedingly complex nature. The men who are best fitted to appreciate his consistent exaltation of thought are often repelled by two or three other sides of his work, and are forced to express themselves in terms of what Edward Lear might have called "admiration mingled with disgust." The pale "young men" who still cling pathetically to the "Yellow Book" have generally enshrined at its side a copy of "Poems and Ballads," to the exclusion of the other twenty and odd volumes of Swinburne. With one or two rare exceptions, it has apparently become the privilege of the very worst types of literary decadence to sing his praises with a clear conscience. The wastrels of literature have a curious monopoly in chanting his glory without qualification. We have before us, for instance, a "study" of his life and writings which lauds one of his volumes in feebly imitative Swinburnese, thus :—

Photo Elliott & Fry.

Sir Richard Burton.

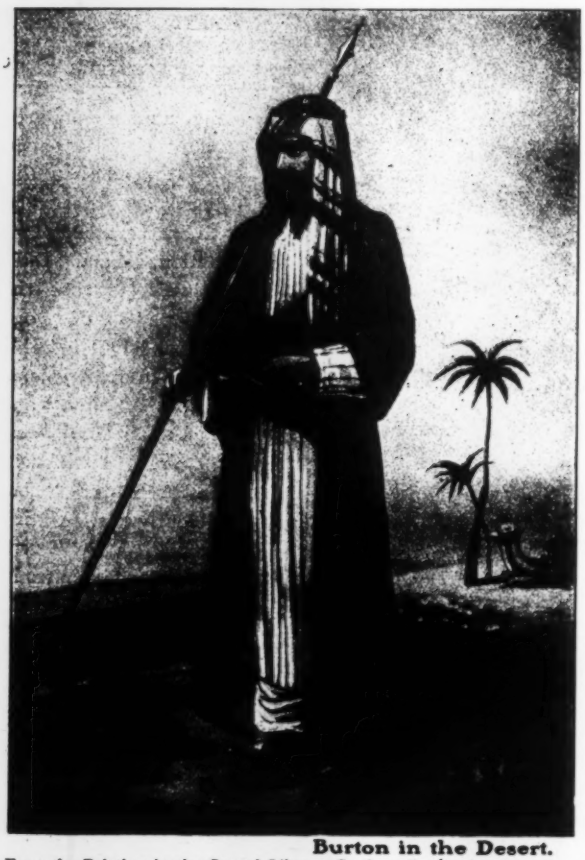
"The volcanic exuberance of its metres and rhymes is not more astounding than its sustained ebullience of amorous imagination, its metrical music and beautiful verbiage than its frenzied erotomania."

It is not without difficulty that one gradually gathers, during the perusal of this "study," that all the words and phrases quoted above are intended to be complimentary. But they undoubtedly are; and the writer goes on to admire the poems as "dreams of an exasperated imagination," and their "loves" as the "loves" of one "brooding in his study over the *fancied deliria* of beauty and lust and blood." He admires Swinburne intensely for "consciously" painting (though Swinburne emphatically states he had no such intent) in his Scottish trilogy, the portrait of a "vicious, fascinating and infamous woman," not so much as a portrait pure and simple, but as a thing to be admired. All subjects are legitimate to the artist. It is legitimate to paint an Iago ; but it is not legitimate to bow down in worship before the infamy, whose every blot and stain the great poet may expose to the candour of the sun. Swinburne did not intend to make Mary Stuart "infamous" : he intended to fight for her in song as his fathers fought

Major Edward J. N. Burton.
(Sir Richard Burton's Brother).

for her in the field. We have had quite enough of the sham æstheticism which has always been attempting to play the amateur Borgia in the English literature of recent years, an æstheticism which has made our greatest living poet its special pandar, and has no more right to do so than a man would have to issue an edition of "Othello" with a scrofulous frontispiece. There never was a healthier, keener, harder, brighter, more English and open-air muse than this of Swinburne's tragedies. Here is a typical speech of "Mary Stuart":—

"If I should never more back steed alive,
But now had ridden hither this fair day
The last road I must ever ride on earth,
Yet would I praise it, saying of all days gone
And all roads ridden in sight of stars and sun
Since first I sprang to saddle, here at last
I had found no joyless end. These ways are smooth,
And all this land's face merry; yet I find
The ways are therefore not so good to ride,
And all the land's face therefore less worth love,
Being smoother for a palfrey's maiden face
And merrier than our moors for outlook; nay,
I lie to say so; there the wind and sun
Make madder mirth by midsummer, and fill
With broader breath and lustier length of light
The heartier hours that clothe for even and dawn
Our bosom-belted, billowy-blossoming hills
Whose hearts break out in laughter like the sea
For miles of heaving heather."



Burton in the Desert.
From the Painting in the Central Library, Camberwell, reproduced in the "Life of Sir Richard Burton," by permission of the Committee.

Whatever may be the spirit of "Poems and Ballads," that passage is one of the most characteristic of the tragedies; and this brings us to another point. The consensus of recent opinion seems to be that Swinburne is greatest in his lyrics, and that his dramas are by no means to be placed on the same level. This is really an amusingly negative and truly feminine mode of capitulation on the part of the British Mrs. Grundy with regard to the first series of "Poems and Ballads," and there may be a grain of truth in it; but, on the whole, it is quite as mistaken as the opinion that Tennyson held in his boyhood with regard to Shakespeare. The beauty of a lyric like "Oh, mistress mine, where are you roaming?" makes a more instant appeal to the casual reader than the larger beauty of "Macbeth"; and similarly it is possible that, when a living poet is concerned, the five hundred closely-printed pages of "Bothwell" may, in the eyes of indolent reviewers, have weighty disadvantages as compared with the "Laus Veneris." But those five hundred pages are written in the same lyrical blank verse as "Phædra" in "Poems and Ballads"; in the same flawless blank verse as "Atalanta"; and quite apart from their dramatic value, those tragedies often rise to a lyrical sublimity that is untouched, and must always remain untouched, by the lyric pure and simple. In addition to this, the songs in French and English have sometimes more lyrical sweetness, and always a more dramatic under-current of meaning in the moment of their outbreak, than the choruses of Atalanta could possibly have. When Mary Stuart, for instance, walks beneath the window of Darnley on the eve of his murder, and sings the exquisite French song that Rizzio had sung to her in an earlier scene, immediately before his assassination by Darnley and his friends, the setting gives it an extraordinary dramatic force. But apart even from considerations like these, the blank verse alone, as in the passage quoted above, has often a lyrical value which is at least equal to that of the best work of Swinburne. The curiously external and superficial nature of most of the criticisms which take the opposite view lead one to suppose that the chief objection to the five hundred pages of "Bothwell" is the laziness of readers who would probably be unable to lay their hands on their hearts and affirm that they can read or have read "Paradise Lost" itself in more than a very perfunctory fashion. It is an age of selections and little books; but it may safely be said that Mr. Swinburne's tragedies are not of an age or twain. They will last as long as the language.

Another accusation brought against them, and

against "Bothwell" in particular, is that of "verbiage" in the uncomplimentary sense. Now it is true that John Knox sometimes makes a speech of many pages, and Mary Stuart is hardly less eloquent. But it is also true that the thunder-fraught climax and close of "Chastelard," the crowning tragic utterance is compressed into the last two lines of the play; two lines that would hardly appeal perhaps to a public nursed on blood and sensational pageants and carpenter's dramas; but nevertheless two of the most truly tragic lines in literature. When the execution of Chastelard is over—it takes place off the stage—the play is closed by the entry of an usher, crying:—

"Make way there for the Lord of Bothwell, room—
Place for my Lord of Bothwell next the queen."

Similarly in "Bothwell," amidst many speeches of all lengths, there are some, of very great importance, which consist of a single syllable. When Queen Mary speaks to George Douglas, for instance, on the eve of her flight from Scotland:

"Douglas, I have not won a word of you;
What would you do to have me tarry?
George Douglas. Die."

That is all; and it is quite as typical of Mr. Swinburne's method as his longer speeches are. Nor is it true to say—as it is so often said with parrot-like insistence—that he is ever carried away on the wings of his music. There never was a poet who was so consciously the master of an art as Mr. Swinburne. His metrical gift is not essentially the gift of music in words. The two things are absolutely and entirely distinct. Music in blank verse depends very largely on the chime and change of the vowel sounds and the balancing of one against the other in harmony. Tennyson is very fond of balancing the two sounds of the vowel *o*, as in *more* and *moan*, against each other. For example:—

1. There lies a vale in Ida lovelier
Than *all* the valleys of *Ionian* hills. . . .

and

2. *Mournful Œnone* wandering *forlorn*. . . .

and

3. *So all* day long the noise of battle *rolled;*

and

4. The *moan* of doves in *immemorial* elms.

Hundreds of lines could be quoted from Tennyson illustrating his exquisite play on those two vowel sounds alone; and the music of Milton has a similar basis. But Mr. Swinburne is *not* the musician he is so often accused of being. If one wished to parody his blank verse, one would write something like this:

"Nor should I not distrust thee nor mislike
Who did not creep nor spring not in the dark."

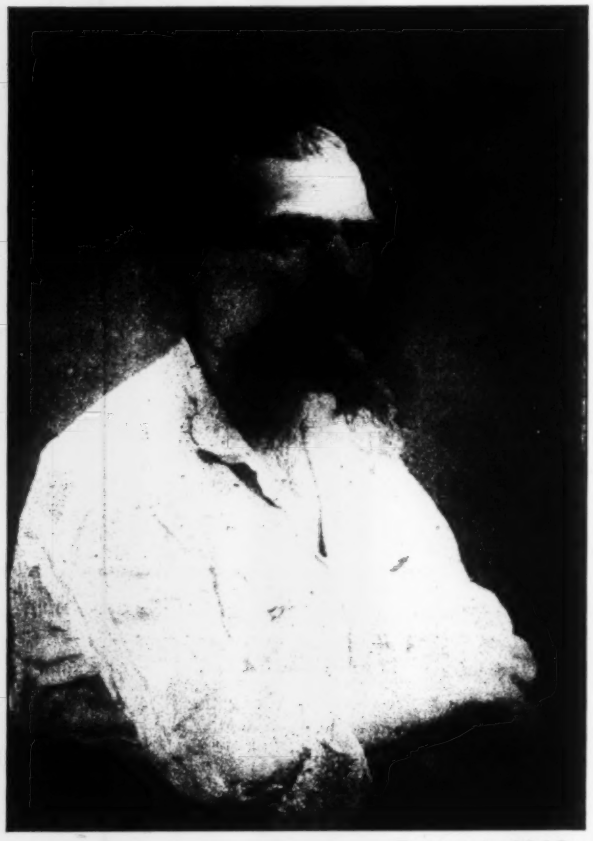
His lines are often full of sibilants and hiss like snakes: they are curiously monosyllabic, and sometimes they suggest a sort of elemental language. They are welded inextricably into a perfect and artistic unity; but they are *welded*. That is the only word to describe them. Of all their thousands, there is not one line in which any flaw could be discovered, not one line which errs from the laws of his art; but they are the work of a master of metre rather than the work of a master of music. In this he is almost exactly the opposite of Shelley, whose lines are often "careless ordered," yet

Lady Stisted.
From an Oil Painting in the possession of Mr. E. S. Mostyn, Gunley Hall, Staffordshire.
Photo by J. H. Anderson & Son, Welshpool.

always, or almost always, music incarnate. Swinburne, in his dramas especially, gives one the idea of a man who grips his subject so hard as to break it up into its component parts. The intensity of his passion melts and resolves the world into its elements, and this is what the critics have mistaken for "verbiage." When Mary Stuart, for instance, wonders whether she can feel any maternal love for her child by Darnley, his grip of the thing he is describing is so intense that it becomes resolved into its elements, thus:

"I will yet see, before I take my leave,
If there be such a nature in our blood
As can command and change the spiritual springs
And motions of our thought, advance or check
The pulse of purpose in the soul that moves
Our longings and our loathings to their end
By mere control and force unreasonable
Of motiveless compulsion; if such blind

Photo taken about 1855. **Captain Richard Burton.**



Burton in 1862.

And sensual chances of the stirring veins
That feed the heart of child or mother may
Divert and dull the mind's design, or turn
The conscience and the current of the will
From its full course and action."

That is how Mr. Swinburne breaks up the simple question of Cowper :—

"Can a woman's tender care
Cease toward the child she bare?"

In considering these poems as dramas, "Chastelard," the first of the Scottish trilogy, must be regarded as the most successful. It is flawless both as a poem and as a play. The concentrated dramatic suggestiveness of almost every sentence is extraordinary. In the first act a terrible little hint is thrown out as Chastelard stoops to examine the new breast-clasp of the Queen, a present from the French King. It has a crowned Venus worked upon it.

Queen.
". . . The legend is writ small:
Still one makes out this—*Cave*—if you look.
Chastelard.
I see the Venus well enough, God wot,
But nothing of the legend."

And there are some passages of very wonderful dramatic effect, where, on the eve of Chastelard's execution, Queen Mary comes to visit her victim and lover in his prison, and he cries—words that she remembers and recalls in "Bothwell":

"It may be, long time after I am dead,
For all you are, you may see bitter days;
God may forget you or be wroth with you;
Then shall you lack a little help of me
And I shall feel your sorrow touching you;
A happy sorrow, though I may not touch;
I that would fain be turned to flesh again,
Fain get back life to give up life for you,
To shed my blood for help, that long ago
You shed and were not holpen; and your heart
Will ache for help and comfort, yea, for love,
And find less love than mine. . . .
But I for all my love shall have no might
To help you more. . . .
You will not have to grieve;
For, being in such poor eyes so beautiful,
It must needs be as God is more than I
So much more love He hath of you than mine;
Yea, God shall not be bitter with my love,
Seeing she is so sweet."

Then as the Queen, with a shudder of foreboding, declares that she is sure she shall die somehow sadly, he answers with what must surely be some of the most terrible lines of dramatic irony in the language:

"You, die like me?
Stretch your throat out that I may kiss all round
Where mine shall be cut through; suppose my mouth
The axe-edge to bite so sweet a throat in twain
With bitter iron; should not it turn soft
As lip is soft to lip?"

The play ends, as we noted above, with the dramatic crying of the herald, "Way for my lord of 'Bothwell,'" and the first two acts of the second part of the trilogy are occupied with the growth of Bothwell's mastery over the Queen. Perhaps the most marvellous feature of these two acts is the character-study of Darnley, his vanity, his cowardice, his boyishly boastful simplicity. The scene in which he "talks down to" the subtle-souled Queen, after the success of his plot to murder her friend Rizzio, is a masterpiece of art; and the way in which he is gradually snared in her toils till even he feels the approaching shadow of death is second to nothing in our literature since the Elizabethans. He feels it first as a mere chilly touch when he takes her hand in a patronising manner and leads her out of her captivity through the underground passage and place of tombs; but his blind foreboding is gradually worked up by a hint here and a hint there till he is almost mad with terror. The very type of a dramatic situation is presented to us when he lies ill in a chamber over the loaded vault that is to send him howling up to the heavens; a loaded expectancy whereof he knows nothing, except that the Queen has passed below singing the French song that Rizzio sang on the eve of his murder. The shadowy hints that touch and elude him lead to a cumulative and pitiful outcry of abject and utter fear as he lies there and tries to read the Psalmist—that other David—with his servant.

Darnley.
Dost thou feel to-night
Thy living blood and spirit at ease in thee?
Taylor.
Surely, my lord.
Darnley.
I would thy lord did too.
This is a bitter writing where he saith
How in his prayer he mourns and hath his heart
Disquieted within him; and again
The fear of death is fallen upon him, see . . . .
. . . Wouldst thou think
She set this ring at parting on my hand
And to my lips her lips? And then she spake
Words of that last year's slaughter. O God, God,
I know not if it be not of Thy will,
My heart begins to pass into her heart, . . .

Mine eye to read within her eye, and find
Therein a deadlier scripture. . . .
Is there no hand or heart on earth to help?
Mother! my mother! hast thou heart nor hand
To save thy son, to take me hence away,
Far off and hide me? . . .

Taylor.

I pray you, comfort your own heart, my lord;
Your passion drives your manhood out of you.

Darnley.

I know it doth; I am hare-hearted, for
The hunters are upon me. There—and there—
I hear them questing. I shall die, man, die,
And never see the sun more. . . .

Taylor.

Sir, for God's love——

Darnley.

I say I hear their feet— . . .
How do men die? but I so trapped alive,
Oh, I shall die a dog's death and no man's!
Mary, by Christ whose mother's was your name,
Slay me not! God, turn off from me that heart—
Out of her hands, God, God, deliver me!

So ends the second act of "Bothwell"; and, in passing, it may be noted that this great master never strives after the "mighty line," though he has written some of the mightiest. There is here no din of gong and cymbal, no libretto-like opportunity for pageant. His lines are not independent of one another. All is continuity, "the long, slow slope and vast curves of the gradual violin." In short, his work is organic literature, and as such it is opposed, in the same way that "Hamlet" is opposed, to recent stage-plays.

It is impossible, of course, and unnecessary to examine these tragedies in detail here. They will form the subject matter of many essays and studies in years and centuries to come. At the beginning of this article we spoke of Mr. Swinburne's consistent exaltation of thought. Paradoxical as it may seem to his following of amateur Borgias, and whatever his detractors may say, that is his chief characteristic, an extraordinary moral elevation. His lines appear sometimes to have been passed through white-hot purgatorial furnaces. Their passion has the chastity of a burning fire. All that is of the earth earthy has been burnt out like dross. "Marino Faliero," the finest of his later plays, is a splendid instance of this. Only a poet possessing that "divine arrogance of genius" which Milton and Dante possessed could have taken up the subject and the very title which Byron used a century ago. But Mr. Swinburne has entirely justified himself. His play, compared with Byron's, is as a star to a blood-pudding. We are not speaking here of Byron's slip-shod verse. It is true that his play is packed with lines like those that open the fifth act:

"There now rests, after such conviction, of
Their manifold and manifest offences,"

while the fabric of Mr. Swinburne's verse is like the ideal Venice of his Doge's dreams, a city washed white of blood,

"Clean, splendid, sweet for sea and sun to kiss
Till earth adore and heaven applaud her."

But Mr. Swinburne's tragedy has exaltation, moral and intellectual, that was utterly beyond the reach of Byron, on that particular occasion at any rate. Byron's "Marino Faliero," for instance, makes the following dying speech:

Photo by Gunn & Stuart, Richmond, Surrey. **Lady Burton.**

"Then, in the last gasp of thine agony,
Amid thy many murders, think of *mine!*
Thou den of drunkards with the blood of princes!
Gehenna of the waters! Thou sea Sodom!
Thus I devote thee to the infernal gods!
Thee and thy serpent seed!"

From which we gather that the Doge was a sort of regal pupil in mind and tongue of the modern cabman. Mr. Swinburne's "Marino Faliero" makes a far different utterance, reminding one a little of the last words of Socrates, in their tone and accent, quite apart from the classical radiance of the style. The old Doge is speaking to his young wife and son:—

"And now, before the loud noon strike,
Whose stroke for me sounds midnight, ere I die,
Kiss me. Live thou, and love thy Venice, boy,
Not more than I, but wiselier: serve her not
For thanksgiving of men, nor fear, nor heed,
Nor let it gnaw thine heart to win for wage
Ingratitude: let them take heed and fear
Who pay thee with unthankfulness, but thou,
Seeing not for these thou fightest, but for them
That have been and that shall be, sons and sires,
Dead and unborn, men truer of heart than these,
Be constant, and be satisfied to serve,
And crave no more of any. Fare thee well.
And thou, my wife and child, all loves in one,
Sweet life, sweet heart, fare ever well, and be
Blest of God's holier hand with happier love
Than here bids blessing on thee. Hark, the guard
Draws hither: noon is full: and where I go
Ye may not follow. Be not faint of heart:
I go not as a base man goes to death,
But great of hope: God cannot will that here
Some day shall spring not freedom: nor perchance
May we, long dead, not know it, who died of love
For dreams that were and truths that were not. Come:
Bring me but toward the landing whence my soul
Sets sail, and bid God speed her forth to sea."

The sea! That is the first word, the first symbol and the last with Mr. Swinburne. It sets a horizon round his work in the same way that the "stars" end each division of the Divine Comedy. Every great poet is a "Pilgrim of Eternity"; and by his fiery negation of the lesser gods Mr. Swinburne has always postulated an unknown and unrealised glory of Godhead. It matters very little whether he calls it the Word with St. John, the Act with Faust, or Freedom with Mazzini; for in the sublime words of his own dedication to "Marino Faliero":—

"Our words and works, our thoughts and songs turn thither,
Toward one great end, as waves that press or roll,
Though waves be spent and ebb like hopes that wither
These shall subside not ere they find the goal.
We know it, who yet with unforgetful soul
See shine and smile, where none may smite or strive,
Above us, higher than clouds and winds can drive,
The soul beloved beyond all souls alive."

THE "BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

MAY, 1906.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and the address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, 27, Paternoster Row, E.C.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF-A-GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from Shakespeare applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in the May number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS of the month is offered for the best list of the twelve English books, published during the last half century, which have had the greatest influence on our national life, and literature, and art. The prize will be awarded by vote.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF-A-GUINEA is offered for the best list submitted in answer to the question, Which county in Great Britain and Ireland has produced the greatest number of men and women eminent in literature? The prize will be awarded by vote.

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Prize Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

Sir Richard Burton's Tomb at Mortlake.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR APRIL.

I.—The PRIZE OF HALF-A-GUINEA for the best Shakespeare quotation has been gained by Miss EDITH HARVEY, 22, Aberdeen Road, Clifton, Bristol.

WHAT MEN LIKE IN WOMEN. By E. J. HARDY.

"Seven hundred pounds and possibilities is goot gifts."
Merry Wives of Windsor, V., 1, 65.

Other quotations submitted were:—

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZES.

"We are such stuff as dreams are made on."—*Tempest*, IV., 1, 178.
(Sent by "Unsuccessful.")

A HISTORY OF ENGLAND. By C. W. OMAN.

"'Tis one of the best discretions of a 'oman as ever I did look upon."—*Merry Wives*, IV., 4, 1.
(A. J., Golfview, Giffnock, N.B.)

MISS MARIE CORELLI.

"Let there be gall enough in thy ink; though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter."—*Twelfth Night*, III., 2, 54.
(Miss E. B. CLAPP, 15, Scarsdale Road, Manchester.)

THE CHAMPAGNE STANDARD. By Mrs. JOHN LANE.

"The three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make it felony to drink small beer."—*2 King Henry VI.*, IV., 2, 72.
(Miss C. A. MASSON, 36, Coniston Drive, Edinburgh.)

THE WAY OF THE SPIRIT. By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

"Spirits are as coy and wild
As Haggards."
—*Much Ado*, III., 1, 35.

II.—THE PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS of the month offered for the best six instances of critical misjudgments of contemporaries has been gained by Mrs. ELIAS, Theydon Bois.

1. WALLER ON MILTON.

"The old, blind schoolmaster hath published a tedious poem on the Fall of Man. If its length be not considered as merit it hath no other."

2. JEFFREY ON WORDSWORTH.

"This will never do."

3. GIFFORD ON LAMB.

"He [Weber] has polluted his pages with the blasphemies of a poor maniac, who, it seems, once published some detached scenes of the 'Broken Heart.' For the unfortunate creature every feeling mind will find an apology in his calamitous situation, but for Mr. Weber we know not where the warmest of his friends will seek either palliation or excuse."

4. BYRON ON WORDSWORTH.

"Oh, ye shades
Of Pope and Dryden, has it come to this?
That trash of such sort not alone evades
Contempt, but from the bathos' vast abyss
Floats scum-like uppermost."

5. GIFFORD ON KEATS.

"This author is a copyist of Mr. Hunt; but he is more unintelligible, almost as rugged, twice as diffuse, and ten times more tiresome and absurd than his prototype. . . . His nonsense is quite gratuitous: he writes it for its own sake, and being bitten by Mr. Leigh Hunt's insane criticism, more than rivals the insanity of his poetry."

6. DOUGLAS JERROLD ON CHARLES MACKAY.

"Happy is the privilege of genius that can float down the 'hungry generations'; and so far as I may venture to prophesy, such will be the fortune of Charles Mackay. He speaks emphatically for the people. Not inferior to Tennyson in artistic skill, he possesses some of the pathetic humour of Hood, with the simplicity which sometimes reminds me of Longfellow, but with a sprightliness, elasticity, and versatility which none of them possess."

Excellent lists were also submitted by J. H. RICHARDSON, 36, College Green, Dublin; F. M. COMPER, St. Margaret's Brae, Aberdeen; and M. DUNKERLEY, 15, Woodville Gardens, Ealing, W.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF-A-GUINEA for the best list from English fiction of twenty characters known to have had originals has been gained by Mrs. CLAYTON, The Vicarage, Tilbury, Essex.

(The *Spectator*) Will Wimble	Thomas Morecroft
(Richardson) Charlotte Grandison ...	Lady Bradshaigh
(Fielding) Squire Allworthy	Ralph Allen
(Sterne) Eugenius	John Hall Stevenson
(Smollett) A Lady of Quality	Lady Vane
(Godwin) Marguerite	Mary Godwin
(Scott) Jeanie Deans	Helen Walker
(Jane Austen) William Price	Charles Austen
(Peacock) Scythrop Glowry	Shelley
(Hook) Gilbert Gurney	Theodore Hook
(Lytton) Henry Pelham	Lytton
(Disraeli) Nicholas Rigby	Croker
(Thackeray) Marquis of Steyne	The Marquis of Hertford
(Dickens) Harold Skimpole	Leigh Hunt
(C. Brontë) Shirley Keeldar	Emily Brontë
(G. Eliot) Dinah Morris	Mrs. S. Evans
(R. Broughton) Belinda	Mrs. Pattison (Lady Dilke)
(Edna Lyall) Luke Raeburn	Charles Bradlaugh
(M. Corelli) Mavis Clare...	Marie Corelli
(E. F. Benson) Dodo	Mrs. Asquith

Among many answers received in this popular competition the next best were those submitted by "Auliffe," Cambridge; Mrs. F. ELLIOTT, 11, Blenheim Road, N.W.; D. M. MACKIE, Lilybank House, Forfar; Miss MCKECHNIE, 15, Queen's Gardens, St. Andrews; Miss M. A. M. MACALISTER, Torrisdale, Cambridge; "Anon," 26, Drewstead Road, Streatham, S.W.; Miss E. CHUBB, Gaywood Road, King's Lynn; Miss F. COMPER, St. Margaret's Brae, Aberdeen.

Sir Richard Burton about 1888.

IV.—The Prize of a YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION to THE BOOKMAN for the best suggestions has been awarded to Miss H. R. WOOD, Maywood, Camberley, and Miss F. M. COMPER, St. Margaret's Brae, Aberdeen.

RONDEAU.

"ἡ τὰ ῥόδα, ῥοδόεσσαν ἔχειν χάριν . . ."

Red roses blow beside your garden door,
Rose-petals strew your arbour's mossy floor,
Their scent is heavy on the idle wind
That scarcely stirs your tresses rose-entwined;—
But where's the rose-wreath yesterday you wore?
Can aught from summer's golden chalice pour
Anew the fragrance that was spilled before,
Or make, beyond the space the gods assigned,
Red roses blow?

Too soon, too soon June's rose-clad grace is o'er;
What one day takes no morrow shall restore.
Red rose amid the roses! ah, be kind,
While yet the hurrying days leave love behind,
While yet for one short moon and then no more
Red roses blow.

A. MARGARET RAMSAY.

New Books.

MORE ABOUT SIR WALTER.*

It may be said, speaking soberly and in no intentional paradox, that there can hardly be too many books on Scott. There are writers of equal or even greater greatness on whom there might be—there is at least one on whom there certainly are—far too many. When nothing (except facts for the most part perfectly irrelevant to vital cognisance) is known about a man's personality; when his work, if not small, is manageably large; when he is inexhaustible by any single book, and when his greatest value consists in his effect on the individual mind—perhaps it were better to leave him and that mind to the chance of contact without officious and probably vain interference. When a writer is not definitely of the first class in value and volume alike, writing about him at book-length tempts to verbiage and hair-splitting. But with Scott the case is different. In the first place, his career and personality are things extraordinarily interesting, and things about which we have a very great deal of the most trustworthy and various information—this information in its turn lending itself to manipulation and interpretation, by skilled hands, in a very large number of different ways. In the second place his work is extraordinarily voluminous, by no means uniform in kind, showing both merits and defects scattered or blended everywhere in a manner slightly bewildering to the untrained intelligence. Moreover, this work is in parts really difficult of access—much of the miscellaneous prose being still uncollected, and the actual collections (of twenty-eight and thirty volumes respectively) being not co-extensive. Much more, though accessible to everyone, is, as a matter of fact, very little known. Even the delightful introductions to the *Opus magnum*, in parts the very cream of Scott's prose work, are, marvellous as it may be, *terra incognita* to not a few intelligent and educated readers of the text of the novels; while of the aforesaid prose Miscellanies, it is safe to say that, putting the "Tales of a Grandfather" aside, very few people have read them. The same appears to be the case with the notes of the Poems and Novels. The present writer has known another (*not* himself) rebuked for that highest crime in the eyes of the uneasy sciolist, "undue allusiveness," because he made a reference, in writing of Scott himself, to a matter fully set forth in Scott's own pages. Nay, this sluggishness has extended even to Lockhart's biography, one of the most delightful as well as one of the best of books though it be. Therefore, once more, there can hardly be too many books about Scott; and though everybody should apologise for writing one on general principles of politeness and modesty, nobody need do so on any others. There is room for the best book about him; the worst may justify itself by sending somebody to himself.

The two new adventures before us take this general justification; but they exemplify and apply it in different ways. Mr. Lang's, indeed, did not need it at all; for the "special license," which he pleads in his preface, is known to almost every probable reader. It is permissible, according to a famous saying, for Dorians to speak Doric; it is at least equally permissible for Dorians to speak of Dorians. We other Englishmen may think that we know Scott, and love him, and honour him, pretty well. But to take words from one of the greatest and earliest passages of the serious kind of fiction that he ever wrote, we acknowledge the justice of the sentence, "You cannot be to them Vich Ian Vohr." Nobody but a Scotsman of letters can know what Scott is to Scotsmen of letters; nobody but a Borderer can know what Scott is to Borderers. And if this seem too high-flown to a pretty low-flown generation, there is the very methodical and matter-of-fact consideration that Mr. Lang has had access to all the Abbotsford archives, and has worked through the whole body of the "Magnum Opus" *pièces en main*. Of these various advantages it would require some singular dexterity in indexterity not to make good use; and it may be left to those who feel inclined to do so to charge Mr. Lang with want of dexterity in matters literary. The only grumble that suggests itself is that, perhaps for reasons very easily comprehensible, he has not fully remembered his own words in his preface, and has written rather too little "as one who comes from Sir Walter's own countryside." Heaven forfend that the present writer should encourage "gush." But there are gushes and gushes. I am myself sometimes disposed to take Dr. Folliott's view of the Captain's abstinence from classical quotation in regard to this volume. I wish that Mr. Lang had gushed a little more. The facts we can get from many bodies, if not from anybody, even if we (for some inscrutable reason) refrain from going to the fountain-head. "But not the praise"—at least the praise which is worth the giving and the having. We have some of it here; but the *Lobgesang* of Scott can never be given excessively by worthy persons.

We have, however, other things well worth the having. It would not be easy to put better or more briefly the justification, not only of Scott's attitude in literature, politics, and almost everything, but the far vaster and more important attitude of one class of mind generally, than in the phrase, "rooted in and turning towards the Past, as the only explanation of the Present." The approximation of Julia Mannering and Charlotte Carpenter (p. 30) is an interesting thing, and, curiously enough, it had never occurred to at least one life-long student of Scott and special devotee of "Guy Mannering." Undoubtedly there are some things, besides the personal descriptions, which, as one thinks over them, do tally. The Shepherd, on the celebrated occasion when Mrs. Scott was "Charlotte" to him, must have been to her very much in fact what the Dominie was to Julia in fiction; and if Julia had been a little more unsophisticated she might very well, in equally celebrated circumstances, have paralleled Mrs. Scott's observation to Jeffrey about the *Marmion* review, though, being what she was, it probably would have been less unconventional and more stinging. But I do not think Scott can have been more than very dimly conscious of the likeness; or, being what he was, he would not have accompanied the picture with the warning retrospect of Julia's mother. Dickens might do these things with Dora and Flora and fail to save himself; Thackeray might do them triumphantly with Beatrix Esmond and Beatrix de Bernstein. Scott would not have dared the dubious adventure. "Of love," says Mr. Lang himself most truly, "as of human life, he knew too much to speak"—at least of "the pity" of both.

Perhaps Mr. Lang is rather severe on Scott's "free-booting" with Mr. Coleridge's metre. After all, the thing was no invention of S. T. C.'s. It was there for anybody to find; and the ghost of Spenser might just as well have gone into the sulks as the living author of a poem which, from sheer laziness, he would not publish for seventeen years after it was written and flitting on the lips of men. Also, some of us would *not* "give up 'Marmion' 'The Lady of the Lake,' 'Rokeby,' and the 'Lord of the Isles' for" any number of "Waverley novels," which would probably not have been written. It was the comparative idleness (how comparative, of course, one knows and grants) of those nine years that gave us the "Waverley Novels" which we have; and the Poems are thus sheer profit. You cannot, after all, expect to get more than a hundred volumes of Scott's quality, even out of Scott. *Dis aliter visum*, says Mr. Lang, as we are all so apt to say. Yet perhaps in that painful conflict of vision it is the gods who usually see the straighter and the farther.

Mr. Norgate's book may have had its special characteristics thrown up more sharply by its juxtaposition with Mr. Lang's; but they would be noticeable anyhow, and they are of very considerable interest. No offence is meant when it is said to be a remarkably, a curiously *unliterary* book about a great man of letters. This is not because Mr. Norgate (as Scott would not have at all disliked him to do) pays more attention to Scott in his non-literary than in his literary capacities. He has, indeed, a final chapter (not written by himself) on the interesting and almost virgin subject of "Scott as a Lawyer," where the opportunity may be regretfully said not to be taken. But otherwise and elsewhere it is to Scott the Novelist that he pays almost sole attention. He

* "Sir Walter Scott." By Andrew Lang. 3s. 6d. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

"Sir Walter Scott." By G. Le Grys Norgate. 7s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

says little and thinks little of the Poems—in fact, he seems to know nothing but the verse romances, and never mentions "Proud Maisie," or (though he actually cites its context) the "Ballad of the Harlaw." The miscellaneous Prose Works (the writer on Scott who shall do full justice to them has yet to write) he says still less of, though he has a proper appreciation of the "Tales of a Grandfather." But on the novels he is extremely copious—sometimes (not a little to one's surprise) giving full arguments of their contents as if he were introducing some unheard-of Russ or Scandinavian. He has his likes and dislikes among them, as he most certainly has a right to have. But though many people have said many things against "The Monastery," and especially against the supernatural part in it, one catches a strange new-old note in the statement that the White Lady's "tricks with sham graves and table shifting seem mere nonsense to a reader of to-day." So, too, that "'Ivanhoe' is a rollicking good story, but it is little more," whether it speaks Ivanhoe or not, certainly speaks Mr. Norgate.

But of criticism proper—of literary comparison and evaluation of the parts of the writer's genius against the whole, of the whole and the parts against the work of others, and so forth—there is hardly anything at all. The most ambitious thing of the kind is, perhaps, a remark that Scott ought to have finished "Rob Roy" with Diana bending from her saddle, instead of, like Thackeray in "Esmond," letting a happy ending do something to spoil a fine story. Ah, how careful we all ought to be lest offences come! The happy ending used to be the image hung up to the mast and incensed; now it is the image kicked overboard! Not to mention that the edition of "Esmond," in which there is a happy ending *with Beatrix*, has not come under the present reviewer's notice.

In saying this, no depreciation of Mr. Norgate is even insinuated. He means to do something; it is not a bad something, and he does it; would the same could be said of all of us! He does not seem to think that his readers will go to Lockhart, as, probably, they will not; and he provides them not with a whet, but with a substitute. He has himself mastered a good deal of information outside of Lockhart, and arranges it not ill. He assumes, in these readers, the very minimum of that vague miscellaneous literary knowledge which used to be taken for granted. He tells them that Thomas the Rhymer was "the great soothsayer of Scottish tradition"; that the Ladies of Llangollen were "two Irishwomen of noble birth"; that they themselves (the readers) "probably know nothing of the Shetlands, except that they produce a breed of small horses." Probably he is quite right; but it is difficult for people who were brought up under another dispensation to realise the existence of this. Realising it, one is not prepared to say that books like Mr. Norgate's, which are excellent in tone and temper, profitable for instruction, and not unprofitable for delight, have no business to exist. At any rate, whether Mr. Norgate's pieces of information are superfluous or not, they are, on the whole, very fairly trustworthy. But where did he get the odd idea that "Portobello" is "Fairport," and "Musselburgh" "Musselcraig?" To begin with, we had thought the identification of the locality of the Halket-Head adventure with the cliffs between Arbroath and Lunan Bay, and of "Musselcraig" with Auchmithie, to be one of the least contentious or disputed things in Scott topography. And, secondly, where does Mr. Norgate get a Halket-Head in the neighbourhood of Musselburgh? And, thirdly, how do you get to that place by *crossing* the Queen's Ferry from Edinburgh?

Nevertheless, let us go back to our starting point and say, "Let these things—let everything about Scott that is written reverently and with fair knowledge—come in." From knowledge of him and delight in him can come nothing but good. We ought, perhaps, to add that in Mr. Lang's book there is an usually complete series of portraits, and in Mr. Norgate's many vignettes of places and buildings, not to mention (what the modern critic loves as much as he hates allusions) a very full and explicit index.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

From a Painting by T. Faed. **Scott and his Friends.**

(Reproduced from "Sir Walter Scott," Literary Lives Series.)

LAURU DONATUS.*

We gather from this volume, which it would be irreverent to treat as anything but autobiographic, that our Poet Laureate's life has not been so smooth and placid as most of his countrymen have supposed. We do not say it has been Byronic, but it has in a mild way, suited to one who ever kept the memory of an "umbrageous vicarage" (see Sec. xii., Stanza iv.) as his guiding star, striven for Byronism, and it has achieved just such a measure of doubt, turbulence, passion, and melancholy as may afterwards qualify a poet to be the envy of vicars and the admiration of mothers in their meeting-places.

It appears that Mr. Austin was born in the late Spring. The Power

> "That bade the land appear, and bring
> From herb and leaf, both fruit and flower,
> Cattle that graze, and birds that sing,
> Ordained the sunshine and the shower;
>
> . . . . . .
>
> That, by whatever is decreed,
> His Will and Word shall be obeyed
> From loftiest star to lowliest seed;—
> The worm and me He also made.
>
> And when for nuptials of the Spring
> With Summer on the vestal thorn
> The bridal veil hung flowering,
> A cry was heard and I was born."

So sings Mr. Austin. What afterwards happened to the worm is not stated. Mr. Austin's humble contemporary disappears altogether from the story, not having been born, like Mr. Austin,

> "To be by blood and long descent
> A member of a mighty State."

For all we know it may still be writhing in the umbrageous Vicarage Garden, making casts while Mr. Austin makes

* "The Door of Humility." By Alfred Austin, Poet Laureate. 4s. 6d. net. (Macmillan and Co.)

verses. So different are the fates of those upon whose births the same star shone. Mr. Austin's early youth seems to have been of a not unusual variety. In spite of a careful education, he began to feel that he was not as other men :—

"And I to them, and they to me
Seemed from two different planets come."

He was, however, drawn to Nature, and believed that he was one with her. In this condition (we paraphrase page 18) his impetuous mind was spurred to range through epochs which were once great, but were now gone. Heedless of dogmatic word, it pressed on with fearless ardour, confronting both the pulpit, the sceptre, and the shrine with a point which Logic had beaten out, and questioning tenets which were deemed divine with a human challenge and a human doubt; and, lastly, it twisted Reason's Soil and quitted the shore of Tradition for the haze of ocean, until it came once more to dwell apart,

"Blending with poet's pious heart
The dreams of pagan Hedonist."

We call special attention to the first of these two lines, because in it Mr. Austin gives to the word "poet" its ordinary dissyllabic value, whereas at a later period, when he has Childe-Harolded to Florence, he contracts it in a spasm of bardic ecstasy into one syllable :—

"It was the season purple-sweet
When figs are plump and grapes are pressed,
And all your sons with following feet
Bore a dead Poet (Pote) to final rest,"

which is altogether a fine example of compression, and suggests, moreover, the idea that the various sons who composed the funeral *cortège* were all walking on their hands.

Let us, however, return to Mr. Austin. We left him in the desperate and terrible state of mind appropriate to a pagan Hedonist. Thence, by a sudden bound, he fell in love. There is some vagueness at this point of the narrative, but we gather that the lady's name was Monica, and that she was the daughter of a vicar (cf. Sec. xv., Stanza i.) :—

"She comes from vicarage garden, see!
Radiant as morning, lithe and tall,"

and Stanza iii. :—

"Up in the fretted grey church-tower,
That rustic gaze for miles can see,
The belfry strikes the silvery hour,
Announcing her propinquity."

(We pause again to remark parenthetically that this insistence on the excellence of the rustic gaze strikes a note that is more painful than the silvery one struck by the belfry—do belfries strike, by the way?—for we have always believed that, if a church-tower is really there, a gaze, which is ordinarily urban or aristocratic or industrial or commercial, could see it equally well.)

We return again to our author, and we repeat that he was in love with Monica, the daughter of a Vicar. Monica, however, would not immediately entertain his suit. Living where she did she naturally enough took umbrage. She told him he must first find himself, and then he might come back and look for her "Beside the little lowly door, The Doorway of Humility." "Farewell, ye woods"! he says,

"Farewell, ye woods! No more I'll sit;
Great voices in the distance call.
If this be peace, enough of it!
I go. Fall, unseen foliage, fall!"

Accordingly he went, first to Switzerland, then to Italy, but found no peace there, for he says :—

"The moral riddle 'tis that haunts,
Primeval and unending curse,
Racking the mind when pulpit vaunts
A Heaven-created Universe."

By this time he had acquired two painful habits; he asked himself riddles, which he could not answer, and he kept on omitting both the definite article and the indefinite from his lines of verse. Florence could not help him, nor Rome :—

"But dogma new with dogma old
Clashes to soothe the spirit's grief,
And offer to the unconsoled
Polyglot Babel of Belief!"

He rushes to Constantinople, and thence to Athens, where, as he remarks :—

"The wine-hued main, white marble frieze,
Dome of blue ether over all,
One still beholds, but nowhere sees
Panathenaic Festival."

Delphi inspires him with this stupendous stanza :—

"Parnassus boasts no loftier peak
Than poet's heavenward song; which, though
Harbouring among the sad and weak
Lifteth aloft man's griefs below."

Hence he is called back to England by a letter from Monica, who tells him she is at the point of death, and wishes to see him and hear him once more. He hurries back to the Vicarage and arrives too late. Monica is dead, but on her breast he finds eighteen stanzas of verse which she had composed for him.

For all further details we must refer readers to the printed volume. In spite of its questionings, the poem is quite safe for Vicarages, Rectories, and even for curacies and the seminaries of young ladies. It is tastefully bound and prettily printed, the rhymes are correct, and through 174 pages it maintains an even flow of platitudinous morality compressed into four-line stanzas. R. C. LEHMANN.

THINGS INDIAN.*

Mr. William Crooke, late of the Bengal Civil Service, is a well known authority on matters pertaining to the people of India—their history, folk-lore, sociology, and religions. His works, of which perhaps the best known are "Popular Religion and Folk-lore of Northern India," "The North Western Provinces of India," and "Tribes and Castes," are remarkable for their sympathetic insight and fairness of treatment in addition to the knowledge they display—a knowledge that could only have been acquired through experience combined with the closest study. In style he is always scholarly but never dull, and his lucid, direct, and often humorous manner of conveying his meaning should enable the uninitiated to appreciate his books almost equally with those who are more or less familiar with India in her many aspects.

The present book is evidently the outcome of close personal observation and investigation, as well as of the widest and most discriminate reading, seeing how diverse are the provinces and people of the Indian Empire, where no custom or characteristic, either of soil or race, can be taken in its entirety as typical of the whole country. The task the author set himself in compiling "Things Indian" must have been a heavy one, yet the book gives no impression of burden or effort. It is absorbingly interesting, from the vivid descriptions of gardens, trees, bazaars, clothing, customs, amusements, and animals—to mention a very few of the subjects discussed—down to the more gruesome details of witchcraft, demonology, low forms of worship, and sacrifices.

Mr. Crooke does not propose to descant upon the wider questions of Indian affairs and administration, with which any intelligent person must be fairly familiar, but he sets out to tell us of Things Indian that are not generally known, besides giving us a pleasant gossip concerning the people, their food, jewellery, children, etiquette, etc.; the products, industries, difficulties, and possibilities of the country. The extracts from the works of various authorities, both ancient and modern, are interesting and to the point, and testify to the amount of research and study that must have gone towards the making of this fascinating book. As each subject is dealt with—they are arranged in alphabetical order—the reader feels that the space allotted to it is all too short; the attention is held from the first graphic, decisive paragraphs on Agriculture and Amulets, to the final pages on Woman, Wrestling, and Writing.

The author says that India moves slowly but that she is moving, and some curious changes in the habits of the people are touched upon which are significant of this fact—changes that a hundred years ago, or less, would have been regarded with horror by the average native. It is interesting, too, to be reminded that chess, polo, and the use of the rosary had their origin in India; and it will astonish some to learn that "when more advanced races assume mourning garb few suspect that the idea underlying the practice is that the ghost may not recognise them and so be prevented from plaguing them"! The notes on poisoning and medicine are a revelation, and such intricate subjects as Caste, Education, and the Brahman are sketched in with masterly restraint, the author's quick powers of description

* "Things Indian." Being discursive notes on various subjects connected with India. 12s. net. By William Crooke.

enabling him to obtain his effect in the shortest possible space.

The examples given of Babu English are highly diverting. Here is one announcing an outbreak of the plague :—"The Sub-Postmaster report that last evening a mice come out from behind office door, and after walking a little stammered and breathed its last in the presence of Sub-Postmaster. As this prognostic of plague, please arrange." A youthful Babu, in writing an essay, describes the distance between two places as "Thirty miles as the cock crows"; while another, acknowledging a favour, writes, "You have been very good to me, and may God Almighty give you tit for tat." At a recent examination in Bombay, a candidate, in an essay on Matrimony, remarks: "I do not believe in polygamy, but am one."

Treating of snakes, a topic that is repulsively attractive to most people, the author says, "There is no animal in India more closely connected with the popular religion and folklore than the snake, and none regarding which more general ignorance prevails." He goes on to tell us of various quaint beliefs regarding them that exist in different parts of India, of the marvellous remedies in use for snake-bite, and the curious customs connected with their worship. It is believed that the snake guards treasure and important buildings, and it is related how, when one of the Agra Fort gates, which was said to be guarded by a snake, was being demolished some years ago by European engineers a great snake rushed out, thus supplying infallible evidence of the truth of the legend.

Again, in the account of witches and witchcraft the most weird beliefs and customs are cited, as also in relation to birth, marriage, and the disposal of the dead. There is a fascinating page devoted to the Kafir tribe of the Hindukush, about whom there exists a theory that they are descendants of the army of Alexander the Great.

In fact the book is a treasure-house of interesting knowledge, and we should much like to see many of the subjects treated more exhaustively by the same author.

ALICE PERRIN.

HOLY IRELAND.*

For twenty years Dr. Hyde has been collecting the Religious Songs of Connacht "from the mouths of the shanachies and old people," and now he prints them in a book, as he did the Love Songs some years ago. But they make a bigger book. He has used "religious" verse in a very large sense; and so we get prayers and meditations and moral poems; blessings, curses, and charms; satires on the priests and on Protestants; legends of the Virgin and the saints. To these he has even added some stories in prose. Mostly secular are these, and grotesque; and if they all touch morals or doctrine at some point, occasionally do so with a humour and a freedom strange to the modern spirit of piety on this side St. George's Channel. The commentary is written in Irish, with an English version on the opposite page. All the songs are given in Irish, but of nearly every one there is a literal translation as well as a rendering in verse. Sometimes, of course, the literal prose is the preferable, but, here as elsewhere, Dr. Hyde is often wonderfully successful as a translator into English verse.

"A pious race is the Gaelic race. The Irish Gael is pious by nature. He sees the hand of God in every place, in every time, and in everything. There is not an Irishman in a hundred in whom is the making of an unbeliever. The spirit and the things of the spirit affect him more powerfully than the body and the things of the body." And so, as there is no real separation in his mind between sacred and secular, he has made prayers to be said at waking, when the songs of the birds are welcoming a new day, when a chapel or church is seen at a distance, when raking the fire, when making his bed, when going to rest, and after smoking tobacco. The night prayer, "I lie down with God, and my God lies down with me," and the prayer on raking the ashes, are, of course, not found in Ireland only. Mr. Carmichael has given them in his "Carmina Gadelica." We miss, in this Irish collection, the poems of occupations—religious these, in spirit—and the pagan invocations, which the same scholar found among the Scottish Gaels.

The ordinary Protestant notion of Catholics as serfs to their Church, and with little individual spiritual, or moral life of their own, gets no countenance at all from this great body of verse, composed through many ages, and by all sorts of persons, lettered and unlettered, peasant men and women, scholars, wandering beggars and friars. We are left at the end with the impression of a profound and comprehensive and lasting spiritual experience. There are things here, to be sure, just as commonplace as ordinary English hymns—and can one say more in disparagement? But in a large number the images and symbols have still light and fire. Here is a prayer to say on entering church :—

"I salute thee, O Church of God,
And mayest thou thyself salute me,
Hoping that the Twelve Apostles might be
Praying for myself to-day.
I lower [myself] on my right knee to the High King,
And on my left knee to the Holy Spirit,
Hoping that I might raise
All who are before me and behind me
From the flag of the pains,
And Amen after it."

And one divines the fervent and beautiful origin of what in time became, perhaps, only a charm in "The White Prayer."

"Say where didst thou creep last night to thy sleep?
My sleeping was done at the foot of God's Son.
Where sleep'st thou to-night in the world's despite?
At the feet of the poor, and my rest shall be sure.
Where sleep'st thou to-morrow untroubled by sorrow?
My sleep shall be sweet at St. Patrick's own feet.
Who is that before you?
"They are the angels," etc.

Blessed are the poor, and they bring blessing, is a constant theme of the songs. "Walk very humbly on the road, and salute twice the poor man." Again, "For all you shall see of silver and gold, and though you owned the mist of the hills, you shall not see the heaven of God for ever without the bed and alms of the poor." And the "merry jovial beggar" sings the joys of the road as genially as Jacopone.

In spite of the strong Gaelic character and flavour, they are not so isolated as to find no echo in the religious poetry and the religious hearts of other countries. The Songs of the Virgin—"The Vision of Mary," "The Keening of the Three Maries," and others—might have come straight from old thirteenth century Umbria. And, of course, there are many, as Dr. Hyde notes, with Anglo-Saxon variants. I have heard a simple rhymed version of "The Seven Comforts of Mary" sung in a Hampstead street by three poor children on a winter's night. And so for the prose stories also. One of them, very grotesque—"How the First Cat was Created"—tells how Mary and her Son passed a mill one day, and the miller named Martin was kind to them. The story ends, "Martin was a saint from that time forward, but it is not known which of the saints he was of all who were called Martin." But folk-lorists of Berri and Touraine would say it was well known. The saint who has entered more than any other into myth and legend is the great St. Martin of Tours. St. Martin, the people's friend, takes, in story, every popular guise. His military, his apostolic, and his episcopal fame are sunk, and he is reaper, and *vigneron*, and miller. I know several stories where Martin figures as miller, quite as grotesque, and a good deal more circumstantial than this Irish one. But to tell them would be a digression.

Let us thank Dr. Hyde for the great work he has done for his country and for us. The wide world needs just now some of the old secret of Holy Ireland. ANNE MACDONELL.

HISTORY OF MODERN LIBERTY.*

Of historical students, Dr. Mackinnon is one of the most devoted and diligent. In this instalment of his latest work he has broken new ground. For the task he has set himself, he is specially well qualified by his linguistic accomplishments, by his aptitude for tracing the rise and growth of great movements, by his keen sympathy for the down-trodden and the oppressed, and by his genuine love of that liberty of which he writes—the liberty of man as a member of the community. The first of these two volumes is introductory, and deals with the origins of that liberty in the middle ages; and the second is concerned with the Reformation period in central and western Europe. Both volumes are eminently readable; and are never wearisome, not even in the discus-

* "The Religious Songs of Connacht." By Douglas Hyde. 2 vols. pp. 404 and pp. 420. 6s. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

* "A History of Modern Liberty." By James Mackinnon, Ph.D. 2 vols. 30s. net. (Longmans, Green and Co.)

sion of abstruse points, for Dr. Mackinnon invariably writes with dash and vigour. The work is well planned; and, so far as this instalment goes, the plan is well carried out. Those who know little or nothing of the galling restrictions under which their rude forefathers lived, and who do not realise the long continuance and strenuous nature of the struggle by which modern liberty has been achieved, have no longer any excuse for their ignorance or callous indifference. The book appeals strongly to the general reader, and will also be prized by students of history, although the latter class would have found it still more serviceable if references had been given for the individual statements, instead of the list of sources examined and authorities consulted, which is appended to each chapter.

Considering the long period which is covered, and the number of countries and incidents and men which are dealt with, it would have been wonderful if no errors had crept into the work. Two of these may be referred to. It is stated that the Council of Constance was summoned by the Emperor Sigismund, "at the pope's instigation," to end the papal schism. No doubt, John XXIII. consented to the calling of the Council, and also issued his summons; but he only did so because he could not otherwise obtain the help of Sigismund, which he required; and, if his ambassadors had adhered to their oral instructions, the Council would never have been held in Constance. Again, of Knox he says: "His early career may be read in that most dramatic of narratives with which he has enriched the literature of his country—the 'History of the Reformation in Scotland.'" Now, as a matter of fact, Knox says nothing whatever about his early career in his "History." The first reference to himself is towards the end of 1545, when he was at least thirty years old, or, in Dr. Mackinnon's opinion, about forty.

The philosophy of the subject is avowedly left in abeyance; but the whole work is pervaded by a truly philosophical spirit. Each volume has a table of contents and an index.

D. HAY FLEMING.

THE RELIGION OF NUMA.*

This unpretending little book might easily pass unnoticed amidst the throng of larger and more expensive works; but it deserves the serious attention of the scholar. It is an attempt to trace from the beginning the chief influences which have been brought to bear upon Roman religion, and it deals with principles, not details. But everything in the book goes to show that the author is a master of his subject, and that, if he would, he could support his views with a much wider display of evidence. The first essay gives its title to the book. Most readers will be familiar with the fact that the early deities of Rome were largely agricultural; and our author in his introductory piece lays stress chiefly on what Roman religion was not. He points out the peculiar character of Roman ancestor-worship, which depended on the existence of the spiritual double, or *genius*—a creature with as little individuality as the unsubstantial Indian ghosts; and he shows how this peculiarity prevented the development of these beings into gods. He also shows how the Pantheon lacked most of those gods which appear in the pages of Ovid: Minerva, Diana, Venus, Hercules, Apollo, Mercury, and Proserpina are some of them. In the second essay he treats of the reformation of Servius, whose reign coincided with the beginnings of foreign influence on Rome; and he brings out the interesting fact that foreign gods, when they were adopted into the State religion, were given temples in the Campus Martius, or in the Aventine Hill, that is, outside the Pomœrium. The exceptions to this rule are insignificant:—Hercules, who had long been naturalised in Tibur, and Castor, who came by way of Tusculum. As an explanation why so little effect was produced on Rome by the Etruscans, he suggests, "Hers was an outward civilisation unaccompanied by an inward culture; that it was a formal rather than a spiritual growth; an artificial imposition from without rather than a development from within outwards." A new and vigorous nation could not absorb the vices of one which was old and decaying, but had to turn to another which still contained within it the elements of life. He also shows how the innovations were bound up with political alliances.

For the next three hundred years after the expulsion of the kings, a new element came into play; this was not religion, nor mythology, but rank superstition—the influence of the Sibylline books. Shaken by great disasters, beset by dangers from within and without, the superstition, which is natural to the Italian, took refuge in these mysterious oracles. Whenever the Romans had recourse to these books, they seem to have been directed to introduce new ceremonials or new divinities, chiefly Greek, but also in the end the Great Mother from Asia Minor. With this last came in orgiastic worship, which rapidly overspread the Roman world. Sensationalism and excitement took the place of religious faith, and this was the heavy price which Rome had to pay for her long devotion to the superstitious. By the time of Augustus the State religion was under the control of politics, and, between superstition and scepticism, had lost all its strength. Augustus, however, gave it a new lease of life by infusing into it the worship of the Emperor's *genius*.

Such is the sketch which Mr. Carter gives us of Roman religious history, and the story is told with admirable clearness in a strong and simple style. Although he makes himself quite intelligible to the popular audience, he does not condescend to any of the tricks which court popularity—unless we may except his rather fanciful titles. We do not think it worth while to mention here a few matters of detail, which we had noted, in which he seems to us to be in error. His account of the principles seems to us so excellent that we do not wish to create a false impression by dwelling on these things. We only hope Mr. Carter may see fit to give us a fuller work on the same subject.

* "The Religion of Numa, and Other Essays on the Religion of Ancient Rome." By J. B. Carter. 3s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

THE WILD FLOWERS OF SELBORNE.*

Our only complaint against Canon Vaughan is that he should have given this title to a book dealing with many things besides flowers, in many places besides Selborne. He is a writer whose mind combines a love and knowledge of outdoor things and outdoor books with a liberal and amiable curiosity, in a manner that is not common. He is exuberant, precise, picturesque without elaborateness, and not the least pleasure which his book can give is due to the strong impression which it leaves, of a life spent in a wise and happy simplicity among flowers and old books. Those who are not attracted by his facts, and those to whom they are familiar, cannot fail to be touched by the spirit of his book. Few writers, indeed, since Gilbert White, have been so gifted as to show with such satisfaction to the reader, a devotion to natural history and a joy in it equal to Canon Vaughan's; and we say this, with a hundred books of similar intention still fresh in our minds. But for an "and which" here and there, his writing is suitable and comely. His subjects include Gilbert White, Mary Rich, Countess of Warwick, Izaak Walton, Jane Austen, the Essex Marshes, Titchfield, Portchester, the Flora of Hampshire, the Use of Simples, Pot-herbs, the Disappearance of Plants. Here are no great thoughts, few original observations, and no striking artistic skill in arrangement, but—at first sight—an ordinary collection of outdoor and other articles reprinted from the magazines. But we soon found that his use of old herbals and botanical books is not merely charming, but shows a knowledge so thorough that he can often draw useful conclusions from them. His observation, so far as it goes, is excellent; we could have wished that it had been more abundant; for example, his articles on "pot-herbs" and "simples" gracefully reveal much knowledge of the almost extinct use of wild plants as medicines and foods, but with not enough signs of experiment and observation by the writer himself. An essay meant merely to be informing could not have been more perfectly done than that on the disappearance of some plants. "Izaak Walton at Droxford" contains several small discoveries, which will be welcome to Waltonians. Canon Vaughan, being Rector of Droxford, has succeeded in discovering Walton's connection with that parish. Droxford is mentioned in the famous will; some of Walton's books were there; and it turns out that his son-in-law, Hawkins was rector there until his death in 1691; that the Mr. John Darbyshire to whom a ring was bequeathed was Hawkins' curate; while Mr. Francis Morley, who also re-

* "The Wild Flowers of Selborne, and Other Papers." By John Vaughan. 5s. (John Lane.)

ceived a ring, is commemorated on a sundial in the garden of Droxford Rectory by a device in which the Morley arms are impaled with those of the Herberts, for he married a Magdalene Herbert. This is very good small beer.

EDWARD THOMAS.

VAUX ET PRÆTEREA NIHIL.*

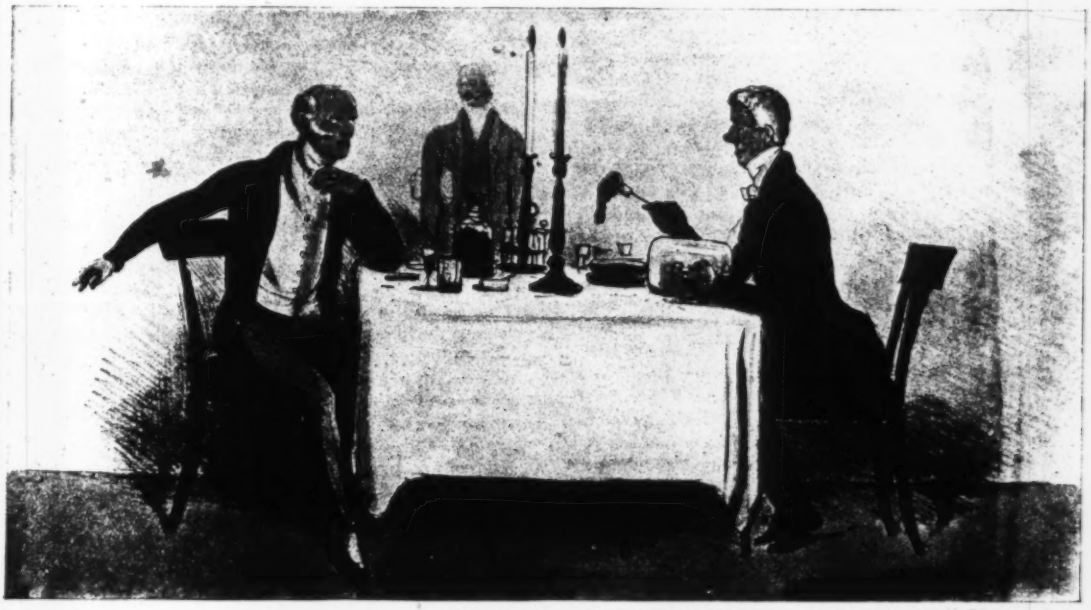
There can be no doubt that a hearty welcome will be extended to Mr. Atlay's scholarly work on the Victorian Chancellors. Although the author disavows all idea of his biographical studies being regarded as a continuation of Lord Campbell's "Lives of the Chancellors," and although it differs in scale and scope, there is no doubt that it will be so regarded. Only the first of the volumes has yet been published, and this treats of Lyndhurst, Brougham, Cottenham, and Truro. The records of the last two are almost bald, but the author puts forward the legitimate excuse that "the material for biographies of these Chancellors hardly exists at all outside the Law Reports, the pages of Hansard, and the legal periodicals." Lyndhurst and Brougham were both dealt with in the posthumous volume of Lord Campbell's work, but it has always been admitted that these biographies were not satisfactory, and doubtless it was almost impossible for a contemporary to form a just estimate of these great men. Mr. Atlay points out that the inclusion of Brougham partakes of the nature of "a fraud on the title," as the latter never held the Chancellorship under Victoria. "His meteoric career, however, is inextricably bound up with the fortunes of his predecessors and immediate successors in office, as well as with the legal and political history of the early years of the reign. To have omitted him would have robbed these pages of all semblance of completeness." To have omitted him, I may add, would have robbed the readers of Mr. Atlay's volume of a great pleasure, for there does not exist such an admirable biography in brief of the rise and fall of this great genius who has had no peers among successors or predecessors on the Woolsack, save, of course, the infinitely greater Bacon and Wolsey.

Brougham was wonderful. Others may have been, nay, were undoubtedly greater lawyers. It was his personality that carried him to the Woolsack twenty-two years after he was called to the English bar. Not that his personality was ingratiating: it was truculent, domineering; which accounts for his comparative failure in jury-cases. "Of the art of 'managing' a jury he knew nothing. If one of the twelve seemed inattentive he would stop, and, looking at the culprit, would protest it was useless for him to proceed. Of the exquisite dexterity of Scarlett he had not the smallest trace. 'What do you think of the counsellors on the circuit?' a north-country juryman was once asked at the end of a long assize. 'Why, there's not a man in England can touch that Mr. Brougham.' 'But you gave all your verdicts to Mr. Scarlett?' 'Why, of course; he gets all the easy cases!'"

Called to the Scotch bar in 1800, Brougham came to England in 1805, and was called there three years later. He attained some renown as an advocate before Parliamentary Committees and the Privy Council; but it was as adviser to Queen Caroline that he blossomed into fame. Mr. Atlay's admirable and judicial statement of the proceedings in connection with the Bill of Pains and Penalties proves conclusively, if proof be still needed, the admirable management by Brougham of the defence. His skill, his profound resource, his powers of cross-examination, of sarcasm and invective, astonished and delighted even his opponents; while Denman, his colleague, said of the last speech Brougham made at the trial that it was "one of the most powerful orations that ever proceeded from human lips. His arguments, his observations, his tones, his attitude, his eye, left an impresssion on my mind which is scarcely ever renewed without exciting strong emotion. The peroration was sublime. Erskine rushed out of the House in tears." It cannot be doubted that it was chiefly due to Brougham that the Government withdrew the Bill; and therefore, more or less directly, he rendered a great service to the country, for it is certain that had the Bill passed, riots, if not, indeed, rebellion, would have followed. As Mr. Atlay points out, the strength of Brougham's case lay out of doors in the past treatment of the Queen, and in the life of her husband; and Brougham, considering it the duty of an advocate at all hazards to save his client, had declared, in language, "minatory and ominous," that he reserved to himself the right of "using materials which were unquestionably his own" concerning the King's numerous infidelities; and it was his intention, should he be hard driven, "to impeach the King's own title to the throne by proving that he had married a Roman Catholic while heir-apparent, and had thus, under the Act of Settlement, forfeited the crown, 'as if he were naturally dead'!"

Brougham had been called within the bar as the Queen's Attorney-General, and when, on her death, his patent lapsed, he applied for silk to Eldon, who refused it! This, however, made little difference to the victorious career of, perhaps, the most popular man in England. Yorkshire invited him to contest the county on the death of George IV.; but probably the proudest moment of his life was when, after contemp-

* "The Victorian Chancellors." By J. B. Atlay. Volume I. 14s. net. (Smith, Elder and Co.)



Earl Grey and Brougham at the "Red Lion" Hounslow.

(Reproduced from "The Victorian Chancellors," by kind permission of Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co

tuously declining Grey's offer of the post of Attorney-General, a few days later the Prime Minister persuaded him to accept the Lord Chancellorship. The downfall of Lord Brougham and Vaux, due entirely to himself and his passion for intrigue, was as complete as his success, yet to the end he remained a power in the land, and at least one Cabinet-maker summed him up: "If left out he would be dangerous, if taken in simply destructive."

LEWIS MELVILLE.

THE SYNTHETIC PHILOSOPHY IN SLIPPERS.*

"The Philosopher in Slippers" we had meant to head this article, but the above title is better; for, after all, just as "The Style's the Man," so to a certain extent is the philosophy the man, and the man his philosophy. Whether it is that our imperfect minds strain at gnats and swallow camels, strain at the pure idea and succeed in swallowing mainly gossip; or whether our appetite for the detail of great men's lives is the sign of a not too evident connection between us and them, between poor humanity and splendid ideas; we will not pretend to say. In practice, at all events, we do not dissociate the genius and the man. We tacitly recognise that the philosophy a man makes, or holds to, is an index of his temperament, and less directly of his hum-drum daily life. And *vice versa*, little details do help us to understand great philosophies.

We make these prefatory remarks because "Home Life with Herbert Spencer" is a quite extraordinarily good volume of biographical small-talk. In the year 1889, "the great philosopher, who had lived for twenty-three years in boarding-houses in London, now thought, at the age of sixty-nine, he would prefer a home of his own. . . . He felt that he wanted something of a family life." He arranged to share with the Two Ladies a house near Regent's Park. An old friend wrote to them:—

"I hear you are thinking of entering into some arrangement with Herbert Spencer. On no account have anything to do with him. I hear there is nothing to be said for him but that he has a good moral character!"

The arrangement was made, however; and Spencer, whom solitude depressed, instead of keeping to his own rooms, soon made himself at home with the ladies. They grew fond of the lonely, delicate, profound old man who wanted "clever nonsense" more than intellectual companionship. "He's so interesting, it's just like having a baby in the house. The last thing 'it did,' the last thing 'it said,' and the last thing 'it ate.'"

Two of the most interesting chapters are called "Glimpses beneath the Surface" and "A Philosopher's Frolics." There is much matter for kindly laughter, and many an excellent and well-told anecdote in this little book: how Spencer stopped his shabby victoria in the middle of Regent Street to feel his pulse; how he went shopping, insisted on "impure purple" furniture, and had the carpet brightened up with red ink; how he started off to the country in a hammock—with the MS. of "Beneficence" tied to his waist—amid tremendous fuss and obsequiousness, because he travelled in a reserved first-class saloon, and the porters mistook him for *Earl* Spencer; of his unfortunate excursion into domestic management; of his dreadful frankness, and of the circumstances under which one of the Two Ladies was led to ask without offence: "What bally rot is the stiff old bird talking now, I wonder?" He was persuaded to recount his early love-story (nothing to do with George Eliot) and to send for the lady's photograph, which came.

"It was strange if he expected the course of more than half a century to have left any trace of the prettiness and bloom of a girl of twenty, but it was clear that with the opening of that envelope the last of his illusions vanished.

"He looked quite sad as he slowly and thoughtfully replaced the photograph in the cover; but as one of us asked: 'Why is everybody so interested in love affairs, Mr. Spencer? Is it because they are common to all?'—some pale reflection of the old fire shone out once more as he answered, 'Yes, that is one reason; but a greater reason is because love is the most interesting thing in life.'"

More interesting than philosophy, did he mean? Who knows? "Home Life with Herbert Spencer" is a worthy supplement to the "Autobiography," that fascinating record, absolutely characteristic, of a life so great in achievement despite ill-health; so pathetic in its close and in what it missed. "Some people always want their heroes to be perfect; with the writers of this book it is otherwise." There is here, in fact, a degree of charm, kindliness and candour, none too common in biographical literature. It helps one to understand the philosopher and his work. From a strictly scientific point of view it is perhaps gossip; but from a human point of view it is well worth its shelf-room very near the imposing volumes of the Synthetic Philosophy.

STEPHEN REYNOLDS.

* "Home Life with Herbert Spencer." By Two. 3s. 6d. (Arrowsmith, Bristol.)

THE MYSTERIES OF LONDON.*

There are debatable matters of popular importance on which you cannot pronounce any critical eulogy in a general assembly without being quite certain beforehand that one section of the company will agree with you and, therefore, credit you with superior intelligence, and that another section will look down upon you and complacently tell each other that you don't know what you are talking about; and to this extent the work of Mr. George R. Sims labours under the same disadvantage that distinguishes both the Education Bill and Home Rule. But there is one thing you can safely say of him, without any risk of intelligent contradiction, and that is that no living novelist knows more of modern London than he does, and that there are divers of its obscurer byways, darker phases of its multifarious humanity of which he knows more than any of them. It is the fashion to accuse Mr. Sims of being melodramatic; but it were more accurate to lay that charge at the door of life itself. The great mistake that so many of us make is to assume that any circumstance of life or character that happens to lie beyond the limits of our own experience must needs be an exaggeration, a caricature, a crude and highly-coloured improbability; we too easily take it for granted that it is untrue to life merely because it does not chance to be true to so much or so little of life as we happen to be personally acquainted with. Before you write cocksurely of what is and what is not art, you have only to open your eyes and you will see that there is far more melodrama than tragedy in the world; that the lives of men are much more often shaped or marred by inartistic and even trivial accidents than by the orderly workings of a settled and artistic destiny, or any unswerving procession of events to an "inevitable" end.

Knowing this, whether their occasionally startling coincidences and sensational details are such as lie within your own cognisance or outside it, you will not doubt that these stories and sketches of Mr. Sims do, on the whole, faithfully and vividly mirror those grim, lesser known deeps of London that he has set himself to reveal. In a picturesque and entirely interesting series of twenty-four chapters he gives a swift, impressionistic succession of characteristic and widely varied stories of unrecorded crimes, inexplicable disappearances, riverside outrages, daring hotel robberies, tyrannical blackmailings, strange and sad romances of the common lodging-houses; instances of the marvellously trained intelligence of the up-to-date burglar; tells of the hardships and optimistic enterprise of the alien emigrant; of the tragedies in which unsuccessful actors and luckless chorus girls are acting when there is no part for them to play on the stage; unfolds dark stories of secret societies, of sham funerals, of unsuspected lunatics—giving everywhere glimpses into the pathos and humour, the generosity and harshness, the misery and mystery and infinite variety of existence that make the largest city in the world at once the most loathsome and the most fascinating, the saddest and happiest, the strangest and homeliest of all the cities that have ever filled their daylight streets with beauty and wealth and goodness, and their furtive lanes of darkness with nightmares of sin and horror and all unhappiness.

To read these records of the poor, the criminal and the outcast is a liberal education in that knowledge of how the other half lives of which one half the world is notoriously ignorant. They are written imaginatively, with a shrewd eye for dramatic effect, with the sympathy and charity that come of understanding; it is a book that you cannot but be the wiser for reading. I noticed the other day that some

* "The Mysteries of Modern London." By George R. Sims. 2s. 6d. (Pearson.)

very exacting critic loftily declared that it was not literature; he did not appear to consider that possibly it was not meant to be, nor that, at all events, it is life; which, after all, is much the greater and more valuable thing of the two.

A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

BROWNING LETTERS.*

All the best letters have been written by a man to himself. They may, it is true, be folded, slipped into an envelope, addressed by mistake to another person, and reach a wrong destination; but before that happens they have been the possession and pleasure of the writer. Horace Walpole sends himself all the gossip of the town, for until he has written to himself half its sportive or malicious meaning had not been extracted. Cowper makes lively the stagnation of Olney, for, while beside his standish, he needs some play with the very tame hares who were his neighbours. Lamb, escaped from the stool in the India office, rolls his jests like sweet morsels under his tongue. Jane Welsh Carlyle's palate is delightfully stimulated by her own bitter-sweets. These are the true letter-writers. There are, of course, documents misnamed letters which are quite of another kind. Some are words of command, which might as well be shouted from horseback down the line. Some are petitions for our money, our time, or our praise. Some state facts, and are a contribution to history—including domestic history—or to science. Some are smiling masks, some—and often the most courteous—are armour. Love-letters form a species in themselves; they are written partly because the writer loves love, and partly because, by an exchange of hearts, personal identity has been doubled. It is a mistake, however, to suppose that the thrush in springtime is always fluting to the hen-bird; he is an artist who sings to himself, and he sings his song twice over because he is pleased with his performance, and has cried "Bravo!" and "Encore."

Robert Browning, except when he fluted from New Cross, Hatcham, to 50, Wimpole Street, with intricate notes delivered in a rich baritone, was not a true letter-writer. He was dutiful in answering correspondents, but he did not write his letters to himself; he did not love his letters; he wanted to despatch them and get them out of his way, in order that with a clear conscience he might enter into the soul of a murderer or a medium, a voluptuous old Italian bishop, or an amiable and homicidal Russian carpenter. And, by and by, he would be off to discharge the force of sociality that had been pent up in him, not in a letter, but in after-dinner talk, that chased its quarry, bound after bound, captured it and tore it to pieces. If youth and friendship—both apt to be effusive—could have made Browning a writer of letters which charm for their own sake, these letters to Domett, happily preserved, and now by Mr. F. G. Kenyon carefully edited, should take high rank in what our forefathers styled the literature of "epistolary correspondence." But even with Domett he seems impatient to fling out his piece of news, to give a cordial grasp of hand, and to have done with it. He grasps hands with genuine warmth several times across the ocean, when Waring had given his friends the trick—which was no trick, but a well-understood plan—and had made his home at the world's far end in New Zealand. But with the summer of 1846, when all Browning's mind was concentrating itself on marriage plans, the letters somewhat abruptly cease, and none were written from Italy. In those days the postal shuttle was not cast over the seas with regularity, weaving the woof of Empire. You had to hear from time to time of a ship that happened to be sailing leisurely towards Wellington or Auckland. Browning's imagination, which knew intimately the little stream, "outsmoothing galingale and watermint," hard by the little temple Baccheion, did not much affect the Antipodes. In 1873 he refers to Queensland as being a part of New Zealand. From Florence it may not, as Mr. Kenyon suggests, have been easy to despatch a letter; and, moreover, he was very happy in his Florence. At all events, no more letters were written by Browning, until Waring, having been Prime Minister of the Colony, had returned to London, after upwards of a quarter of a century, and a note from Warwick Crescent commences with the words, "Dearest Domett, how very happy I am that I shall see you again!"

No series of letters, however, could be written by Browning without containing some passages of interest. He groans over the alterations made by Tennyson in earlier poems, which reappeared in the edition of 1842:—"The alterations are insane. *Whatever* is touched is spoiled. There is some woeful mental infirmity in the man—he was months buried in correcting the press of the last volume, and in that time began spoiling the new poems (in proof) as hard as he could." But "Locksley Hall" is "noble," and St. Simeon Stylites "perfect." In the winter of 1842, the only novelty in books is Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome"—"a kind of revenge on that literature which so long plagued ours with Muses and Apollo and Luna and all that, by taking the stalest subjects in it, and as plentifully bestowing on them the commonplaces of our indigenous ballad verse—'Then out spake brave Sir Cocles'—'Go, hark ye, stout Sir Consul'—and a deal more. I have only seen extracts, certainly, but they give me this notion." Next year "Dickens is not asleep, but uproarious and (I think) disgusting with his Pecksniffs and (what Strafford said of the Parliament) 'that generation of odd names and natures.'" And again in 1843, the year of Macaulay's collected "Essays," Mill's "Logic," "The Christmas Carol," the first volume of "Modern Painters," the "Irish Sketch Book," and the "Song of the Shirt," he writes "What shall I tell you?—that we are dead asleep in literary things, and in great want of 'a rousing word' (as the old Puritans phrase it) from New Zealand, or any place *out* of this snoring dormitory. Carlyle has just given us a book, however." The book was "Past and Present," perhaps a sufficiently rousing word. The most notable thing of that year for Browning was the visit of Father Mathew to London—"this reverting to the simplest form of worship (for the converts are converts to his voice and hand and eye, and nothing beyond), all these men choosing to become *better* because he, who was standing there, better—he *bade* them become so; you should have seen it as I did. . . . I stood on the scaffold with him, and heard him preach, beside."

Perhaps the most remarkable passage in the letters is in the last of those written to New Zealand (July 13, 1846), in which Browning speaks of his own poetical efforts, seemingly so unsuccessful, perhaps leading to nothing, yet which he did not for a moment think of abandoning.

"At this moment I feel as everybody does who has *worked*—'in vain'? no matter, if the work was real. It seems disinspiriting for a man to hack away at trees in a wood, and at the end of his clearing come to rocks or the sea or whatever disappoints him as leading to nothing; but still, turn the man's face, point him to new trees and the true direction, and who will compare his power arising from experience with that of another who has been confirming himself all the time in the belief that chopping wood is incredible labour, and that the first blow he strikes will be sure to jar his arm to the shoulder without shaking a leaf on the lowest bough? I stand at present and wait like such a fellow as the first of these; if the real work should present itself to be done, I shall begin at once and in earnest . . . not having to learn first of all how to keep the axe-head from flying back into my face; and if I stop in the middle, let the bad business of other years show that I was not idle nor altogether incompetent."

I spare the reader the appropriate quotation—"One who never turned his back, but marched straight forward"—from the Epilogue to "Asolando."

A letter from Browning's friend Arnould—afterwards Sir Joseph Arnould—gives a valuable record of the performance at Drury Lane on three successive nights, in February, 1843, of "A Blot on the 'Scutcheon," when Phelps, replacing Macready, took the part of Tresham and Helen Faucit appeared as Mildred. The first night was magnificent; the audience was enthusiastic; the gallery took all the points as quickly as did the pit. On the second night the boxes showed a "desolate emptiness"; Arnould was one of the sixty or seventy spectators in the pit; the gallery was full and sympathetic. The third night was evidently to be the last; not only did the great house look empty, but the few spectators were apathetic. The tragedy had caught cold and died of a galloping consumption.

Of "Elizabeth Barrett Browning in her Letters" it is

* "Robert Browning and Alfred Domett." Edited by Frederic G. Kenyon. With Portraits. 6s. net. (Smith, Elder and Co.)
"Elizabeth Barrett Browning in her Letters." With a Portrait. By Percy Lubbock. 7s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder and Co.)

only needful to say that the design is admirable, and the execution is as admirable as the design. We learn, indeed, nothing from the book that is not already known. But Mr. Percy Lubbock has reduced the affluence of Mrs. Browning's delightful letters to the dimensions of a single volume, and, accompanying his quotations by comment at once sympathetic and judicious, has made a book which becomes substantially a biography. Nor could we desire a better biography than one thus formed from Mrs. Browning's own words, with whatever may be helpful added of guidance in statement of fact and illuminative comment.

EDWARD DOWDEN.

THE POETRY OF LIFE.*

One of the gayest chapters in Mr. Carman's book is a Letter of Farewell to the Lyric Muse, from an Imaginary Correspondent. Very amiably, rather late in the day perhaps, but quite finally, he bids the portionless lady adieu. Or is it not exactly adieu? May it be that this correspondent is indeed only imaginary! Else, surely it must greatly qualify the poet's eloquent defence of poetry if his practice have ended only in estrangement. The Defence referred to is conducted skilfully and graciously, with open doors. The General Public is cordially invited, confided in; and perhaps, will depart convinced that its prejudice against the accused has been very inconsiderate. Mr. Carman expounds the purpose of poetry, its constituent parts, its place in the Commonwealth, in modern life, and in times to come. He does not concern himself with what some winning phraseologist has termed the Minor Poet. He ignores that contradiction in terms. But he does dangle before us such an unanswerable question as whether the poet should or should not work with his hands. Must he have milked a cow who is to roam on Helicon? Must he who soars on Pegasus be his own blacksmith? Or do the Muses only welcome to their gardens hands of daintiness, a voice with a lisp? The author is tempted occasionally to flog what can feel no more. But he lays on so deftly that he seems to galvanise the carcass. And the General Public—well, did the General Public ever much care what the quarrel was, so long as there were knots in the lash? But after all, need we much repine at the false and superficial notions current about poetry? We are more inclined to regret wasting a poet to refute them. Mr. Carman does refute them of course, ably, completely, and delightfully. But converts persuaded against their instincts are but converts bound for heresy. The ease of prejudice is difficulty enough for most men. Poetry, religion, science must ever be unintelligible, inexplicable to them. On the other hand, never yet lived human being denied altogether some strange and passing glimpse of poetry—of nature, childhood, dream, hope, or of love. It is a taper gleaming, however faintly, in all. All things mortal tend to obscure it. Only in the few it flames on, besieged with gloom, unquenchable, unconsumed; and will kindle again when they are gone. Donne, Shelley, Coleridge—what are they but miraculous impossibilities? Yet men will burn, rebel, and dream again, as did they.

But these are Mr. Carman's arguments, repeated, much less winningly and gracefully, against himself. We like best the contentious part of his book; least its criticism of individual poets. Quibbles never fail. Who but starts a little at that dull, jaded word—'popularity'? 'Chipmunks' and 'funny-house' need only digesting. Why, too, must we be for ever wondering what to-morrow's Shakespeare will make of our many inventions? Man's restless ingenuities, his opiate cleverness, his ever-varying delusions are transitory. Poetry will, at her need, embalm them all in amber, only the purer for its trivial fly.

WALTER DE LA MARE.

ANGLING REMINISCENCES.†

Mr. E. Marston gossips very pleasantly of his angling days, and his new volume is a worthy companion for its predecessors. It is not in any sense a book of instruction how to fish: it is merely a diary recounting the mild adventures that befel Mr. Marston while angling for trout, chub, and other fish in England in 1903. Incidentally, there is introduced a good deal of natural history, about which all true anglers know much. The veteran fisher—he casually mentions rivers that he "knew seventy years ago"—in a prefatory note, tells that the present volume completes a round dozen of books which he has "inflicted" on his friends, and he says that now surely the time has arrived for him to cry off. Surely not! It is to be trusted that there are many angling summers before him, and many winters in which further reminiscences may be cast into book form.

Of a different, but equally welcome type, is Mr. Barrington's "Seventy Years' Fishing," which gives his experiences on many waters in pursuit of salmon and trout, and which has lucid chapters on the technical side of fly-fishing. His first trout was caught seventy years ago, under the tuition of Lord Grey, of Reform Bill fame, and the author has followed the sport ever since. His tastes are well-defined; one gathers, for instance, that worm-fishing for salmon would have no attraction for him. In a brief notice it is impossible to deal with the many interesting points which he raises; but it may be recorded that as regards the outlook of the trout-fisher his views are, on the whole, optimistic. He admits that angling clubs have taken water which in former days might have been fished free of cost, and that sport may thus have been made less easy to come at for those who have not the means of belonging to such institutions. Against this, however, he places the fact that modern facilities of travel have opened up places where trout-fishing costs nothing—places that can be reached by the less wealthy angler without unduly taxing his purse. London anglers are badly situated as regards trout-fishing; and for London trout-anglers who are not rich men, Mr. Barrington's book has nothing particularly cheerful to say. Taking a sort of average of the cost of fishing on club water accessible from a large town, he would say that for from £25 to £35 a year fair sport could be obtained, and that an annual subscription of £50 to £70 should command first-class trout-fishing. These figures, it has to be remembered, do not include travelling expenses or hotel bills. Among the fishes that Mr. Barrington has caught is that puzzling fish, the salmo ferox, which is got in a few Scotch lochs, may weigh anything from 6 lb. to 30 lb., and is a desperate fighter. The salmo ferox is generally—in fact almost always—caught by trolling, the bait being a parr or small trout, but "Watson Lyall" records cases of the fish being taken with fly, and in the Highlands one occasionally hears tales of such rare captures. It was Mr. Barrington's luck to kill two ferox with fly in Loch Quoich. One was taken with a large Blue Doctor, and each weighed about 8½ lb.

Like Mr. Marston, Mr. Barrington writes with refreshing enthusiasm, and both authors have the power of conveying to the reader the charm they find in their beloved sport.

DAVID HODGE.

The Bookman's Table.

SCOTLAND AND THE UNION. By William Law Mathieson. 10s. 6d. net. (Glasgow: MacLehose and Sons.)

This volume is more than a mere history of the Union of 1707. It is really, as the sub-title bears, a history of Scotland from 1695 to 1747; and forms a continuation of Mr. Law Mathieson's previous work—"Politics and Religion: A Study in Scottish History from the Reformation to the Revolution." The present work, like its predecessor, is quite complete in itself, although the social changes of the period are not dealt with. These the author intends to handle, in still another volume, as illustrations of the progress of the latter half of the eighteenth century. Mr. Mathieson is patient in investigation, clear in statement, and philosophic in tone. His reading has apparently been wide and systematic; but there are indications that his familiarity with the period, and with some of the points he discusses, is not of very long duration. For example, he says that John Craig "protested against the Act of Assembly which forbade prayer for the Queen." The Queen

* "The Poetry of Life." By Bliss Carman. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

† "Fishing for Pleasure and Catching It." By E. Marston. 3s. 6d. net. (T. W. Laurie.)

"Seventy Years' Fishing." By C. G. Barrington, C.B. 10s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder and Co.)

here referred to is the Queen of Scots. Mr. Mathieson might find it a much more difficult feat than perhaps he imagines to produce any Act of Assembly forbidding prayer for the Queen, or even to produce satisfactory proof that any such Act was ever passed by the General Assembly. It is incorrect to say that the Scottish Parliament abolished Episcopacy, at the Revolution, "on no higher ground than because it was 'contrary to the inclinations of the generality of the people.'" There was the much stronger and more pressing reason that "Prelacie, and the superioritie of any office in the Church above presbyters, is and hath been a greate and unsupportable grievance to this nation." Nor is it correct to say:—"In 1695 the Scottish Parliament had ratified an Act passed in 1649, and re-enacted at the Restoration, making blasphemy a capital crime." It is true that the Act of 1649 against blasphemy was substantially re-enacted in 1661; but between the first Act and the re-enactment there are suggestive differences; and the Act of 1661 studiously avoids recognising the Act of 1649 as an Act of Parliament. Moreover, it was the Act of 1661, not the Act of 1649, which was expressly ratified in 1695. Mr. Mathieson has adopted the exploded slander that the Cameronians, in their antipathy to the Union, became allies of the Jacobites; and he refers to Ker of Kersland as "the Cameronian leader," and to the Cameronians as "his followers," although Ker's narrative is manifestly untrue, and although one of them, who had the best means of knowing, emphatically asserted that Ker was "an entire stranger unto their secrets, a perfect foreigner unto their purposes, and they quite removed from the sphere of his prescriptions or dictates."

LOVE'S TESTAMENT. By G. Constant Lounsbery. (Lane.)

With no fear of Rossetti before his eyes, Mr. G. Constant Lounsbery attempts "a sonnet sequence." Incidentally, it is a little surprising to find that the verses bear the hall-mark of the Bodley Head, for that sign, if it does not always mean the best poetic ware, at any rate raises cheerful expectation of poetry more or less distinguished. But here there is no distinction, although there is much devotion. Mr. Lounsbery is a devout lover. In his mysterious dedication "To ——" he sighs:—

> "Let me not with the graving of thy name
> Betray thee to men's curiosity,"

for which fine reticence the lady must feel grateful. Had this dedication stood alone, it might have aroused a controversy like that around Sappho's most famous Ode or Shakespeare's Sonnets, but it does not stand alone. Six-and-sixty sonnets limp in long array behind it to prove that the adored is a woman, *varium et mutabile semper*. The last sonnet of all strikes the most poignant note of tragedy. It begins:—

> "Count not upon a woman, let her be."

Mr. Lounsbery is unfortunate in the close of his line. It looks like good advice for the love-lorn, but the sense unfortunately is carried on to the line following—let her be

> "The fragrance of the spring, the brief delight
> Of the elusive and alluring night,"

and so forth, but she is not to be trusted in adversity. This is all very heartrending and a melancholy *débacle*, since in the first sonnet she was the poet's "sole delight." Inspired to unconscious truth he cried:—

> "With such a theme, all unabashed I might
> Pipe to the morning with untutored lip,
> Or lull the evening with unlettered song."

When all is said and sung, there follows a business-like "Index of first lines," divided into sextets—Of Love, I.-VI.; Of Absence, VII.-XII.; Of Passion, XIII.-XVIII.; Of Doubt, XIX.-XXIV., and so on. It is a marvellously well-regulated Muse that contrives to turn just exactly half a dozen sonnets for each emotion. If there be no madness in "Love's Testament," there is at least method.

SIR HENRY IRVING. A Biography. By Percy Fitzgerald. 10s. 6d. net. (Unwin.)

Unlike an author's or an artist's, an actor's reputation cannot increase after his death; his fame depends entirely on the verdict of his contemporaries; there is no appeal against that to the judgment of posterity, for posterity has no means of forming any judgment about him. We all agree

Sir Henry Irving reading Tennyson's "Becket" in the restored Chapter-house of Canterbury Cathedral.

Drawn by S. Begg.
(Reproduced from FitzGerald's "Sir Henry Irving," by kind permission of Mr. T. Fisher Unwin.)

that Irving, whom we have seen, was a great actor; it seems to be generally accepted, however, that he was not so great as Garrick; but we never saw Garrick, and cannot really know; it is possible that if we could have seen and so compared both, we might have crowned Irving as the greater of the two. As it is, all such comparison is futile, and measuring Irving against all other actors of our time, his supremacy in his own age, the only age that can count for him, becomes sufficiently manifest. And because the actor's reputation can grow no more, nor our immediate judgments on him be reversed after his death, it is well to issue, without delay, any biography of him in which, with the facts of his life, are to be incorporated such descriptions and criticisms of his acting as may be possible, while there are yet living witnesses to say whether these adequately represent him or not. This task Mr. Fitzgerald has performed with considerable impartiality and acumen. He relates simply and interestingly the story of the great actor's life, his early struggles, his arrival at success, his brilliant progress from triumph to triumph, his lapse in later days into financial embarrassments and a struggle that in some of its features was the early life over again, to the sad last scene of all. Deprecating all extravagant eulogies of Irving, Mr. Fitzgerald emphatically endorses an opinion that he did not rise to the highest rank, for in all his acting "he never passed the line where art ends and genius begins." The book is written in a pleasant, gossipy fashion, and is illustrated with numerous photographs and sketches; the fact that Mr. Fitzgerald was intimate with Irving and is able to give much by way of personal reminiscence greatly adds to its value.

PLAYS AND LYRICS. By Cale Young Rice. 7s. 6d. net. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

The publication of these poems over here gives us one more name to add to our lengthy list of literary husbands who have literary wives. The stories of Mrs. Rice have been long enough known in this country for the name of "Mrs. Wiggs" to be already a household word with us,

but though Mr. Cale Young Rice has for some time past held a distinguished place among modern poets in America, his reputation has been longer in crossing the Atlantic. Not that this is any matter for wonder. In America, if all that one hears be true, the poets are enjoying a golden age again, and many of them can even earn a living; but with us it is different; there is so little love (and consequently so little money) for poetry here that the publisher who ventures to issue any is inclined to credit himself with an extra virtue, and generally finds that his enterprise has this in common with his other virtues, that it has to be its own reward. Nevertheless, there is a certain select public here, an audience fit though few, that can still enjoy Shakespeare as well as the musical glasses, and from these this book of Mr. Rice's will be sure of a welcome. Of the two plays in the volume, "Yolanda" and "David," the latter is perhaps the more moving, the more impressive, but in each there is an equal command of imaginative dramatic utterance, of picturesque effectiveness and metrical harmony. But Mr. Rice's highest gift is essentially lyrical; his lyrics have a quiet charm and a grace of melody that are distinctively their own, whether you turn to such as the wistfully tender "Mother-love," the more sombre "Sea-Ghost," or the daintily fanciful "Intimation," which, because of its brevity and not because it is notable above many another we might select, we quote in full :—

"All night I smiled as I slept,
For I heard the March-wind feel
Blindly about in the trees without
For buds to heal.

All night in dreams, for I smelt
In the rain-wet woods and fields
The coming flowers and the glad green hours
That summer yields.

And when at dawn I awoke,
At the blue-bird's wooing cheep,
Winter with all its chill and pall
Seemed but a sleep."

LETTERS FROM SAMOA. By Mrs. M. J. Stevenson. 6s. net. (Methuen.)

This is the second and last instalment of Mrs. Stevenson's letters, written chiefly during her residence at Vailima. They form the last and in many ways the most pathetic chapter in Stevenson's life, for they give us an intimate account of all the stress and worry incident to the making of Stevenson's Samoan home, which was barely completed when the end came. As Stevenson had whimsically prophesied, just as he was outgrowing the Balfour delicacy, the Nemesis of the short-lived Stevensons carried him off. But it is unfair to suggest that this book is in any way overshadowed by the melancholy of the end. Stevenson was too familiar with the prospect of death to be overawed by it, and the dauntless courage with which he faced constant and often serious ill-health was in a large measure inherited from his gifted mother. Those who read "From Saranac to the Marquesas" will not need to be reminded how much Mrs. Stevenson resembled her son, not only in her untiring cheerfulness, but also in her capacity for receiving and communicating her impressions. Some of these letters are slight enough, dashed off in haste to catch the mail, but all show a keen eye for detail and a power of vivid phrasing. They are real "letters," written without any thought of publication, and they deserve to be called brilliant, if that epithet did not convey a suggestion of artificiality wholly unjust to the charm and intimacy of the style. The ardent Stevensonian will not perhaps find much in them which is not already familiar from "Vailima Letters," and Mr. Graham Balfour's Life"; but they do help us to realise how hard Stevenson worked literally to make a home for himself in Samoa, and what unwearying patience was needed to overcome the innumerable domestic difficulties. Yet all this time Stevenson was writing, as for years he had written, at the rate of a book a year, in spite of weakness which (in his mother's words) "most people would have looked on as an excuse for confirmed invalidism." After reading "Letters from Samoa," it is harder than ever to find excuses for those superior people who see in Stevenson nothing but a *poseur*, and criticise so severely the occasional flourish, the *panaches*, in which he indulged, and which he himself relished so keenly in his naval heroes.

Mrs. M. J. Stevenson in 1848.
(Reproduced from "Letters from Samoa," by kind permission of Messrs. Methuen and Co.)

BY-PATHS IN THE BALKANS. By Captain F. W. Von Herbert. 10s. 6d. net. (Chapman and Hall.)

We have heard a great deal about Bulgarian bands, but not about the Turkish ones. And yet there seems to be more mystery about those men who make the music of the Turkish army than there is about the silent-footed valiants who frequent the Macedonian mountains. We confess that we had never thought a great deal about the ways and means of Turkish military orchestras, but the by-paths of knowledge are the pleasant paths we follow willingly, the more so since our guide has been an officer in Turkey's service. And if we do not specially desire to learn about this branch he gives us other curious information of the Balkans. He will tell you of the costumes and the dances and the languages. He will describe for you very prettily a Turkish maiden (with revolver); he will speak to you impressively of Osman Pasha (from personal acquaintance); and of Alexander, the heroic Prince. It may not be unusual for a writer to be tolerant when Osman and Alexander are his themes; but it appears that Captain Von Herbert has indeed acquired this Turkish virtue, since he can see merit in most places. His book is somewhat scrappy, but not for that reason to be lightly held, as it is a book of the by-paths. He has a good deal of knowledge of the gipsies and their music. He sometimes contradicts himself, speaking very disparagingly of the Bulgarian people, and then lauding the army, which is all the manhood of the people. Included in the book are two short stories, which at any rate abound in local colour. The second of these, "Stranded," seems to have been a personal experience of the author's, who, by the way, appears to find some qualms in writing of a hero whose countenance is not that of Adonis. This subject is always with him—he alludes to it again on page 24—and that is strange, seeing that his favourite adjective is "discreet." We do not agree with him when he says that the Slav languages are unsuitable for music—there are many Russian songs which, if repeated to a non-Russian, will be thought to be Italian—at least such is our experience. But we thank him for telling us that the Bulgarian army marched to death and triumph at Slivnitza to the notes of "Daddy wouldn't buy me a bow-wow." One of the best of these papers is the first, which describes a visit to Plevna, and has appeared in the *Cornhill*. In conclusion, we may say that the biography of Captain Von Herbert would probably be interesting. He seems to be somewhat more at home with the sword, but he can paint you a good picture (we do not refer particularly to the frontispiece), and his experiences in the Turkish army should not be without interest.

Novel Notes.

THE ANGEL OF PAIN. By E. F. Benson. 6s. (Heinemann.)

There is a wide gulf between the clever frivolity of "Dodo" and the wise quietness of "The Angel of Pain"; the two novels might almost, indeed, have been written by two different men, so far has Mr. Benson travelled from the tone and manner of his sensational first book. He has drawn nearer to actual life here, and one cannot do that and still remain simply an airy and irresponsible humorist; with one exception the people of the story are normal and wonderfully lifelike men and women. The exception is Tom Merivale, who lives solitary in the New Forest and is known as "the Hermit." He talks a ripe philosophy, he says some good things, but he is not real, and the fashion of his death is fantastically unconvincing. The three chief characters, Philip Home, a shrewd and successful city financier, with a gentler, less practical side to him that is revealed only to his intimates; Madge Ellington; and the buoyant and engaging young artist, Evelyn Dundas, are detailed subtly and with insight. Madge was to have married Philip, though she has no love for him; but meeting with Dundas she loves and marries him, and for awhile Philip hovers on the verge of madness, and in these days, when he is hating the woman who has turned from him, indirectly acquiesces in certain financial operations that involve her husband in rule; then, when the influences of "the Hermit" have healed his sick spirit, comes news that Dundas has been blinded by a shooting accident, and ennobled by the discipline of suffering he is stricken with sympathy and hastens to befriend him. The story is beautifully imagined, and is told with a fine artistic reticence and charm of style.

THE JUNGLE. By Upton Sinclair. 6s. (Heinemann.)

It is gratifying to find the author of that maudlin, hysterically egotistical book, "The Journal of Arthur Stirling," putting out a novel so virile and essentially masculine in thought and expression as "The Jungle." We congratulate Mr. Sinclair on this notable development of his powers; for "The Jungle" is another of those romances of industry that are the biggest things in American fiction, and it will bear comparison with the best of them. The romance centres on a mammoth factory in Chicago where meat is tinned; it is a romance of the hard and squalid lives lived by the men and women workers in this vast and teeming establishment, and is told with a grim realism that is sometimes repellent, with occasional touches of humour, and always with a sympathy, an earnestness, and a vivid narrative and descriptive power that make the whole unlovely business, even the most technical phases of it, palpitatingly alive with interest. There are pages of the book that veritably smell of the slaughter-house; pages in which you can hear the continual thunder of the machinery, and see, as if you were looking at photographs, the slaughtered animals passing through successive stages of treatment till they are finally canned and done with. You will find the effect of this occasionally loathsome, and it is meant to be, for, incidentally, Mr. Sinclair sets himself to expose the shockingly insanitary conditions that prevail in some of these places where our food comes from. But the main thing in the book is rightly its story; the story of how certain poor Lithuanian emigrants came to Chicago and took up a life of slavery in and about that industrial inferno, and worked and loved and suffered, and had the hopes and the disillusions that come to men and women everywhere. It is frankly a novel with a purpose, but it is a purpose that lends itself to artistic treatment in drab and lurid colours, and only towards the close does Mr. Sinclair degenerate somewhat and subordinate the latter to the former.

THE HEALERS. By Maarten Maartens. 6s. (Constable.)

The triumph of this book lies in the character drawing of an eccentric Professor of Bacteriology and his wife. The Professor seeks all his life for a special microbe, and with reticence, which yet cannot save us from pain, some hint is given of "the ceaseless, measureless tortures of the modern laboratory." The Professor in his materialism is worsted by a magnetic daughter-in-law, but in her turn she is grievously disappointed by Mahatmas. The wife of the Professor, who might have said, "Give me pantaloons to stand in and I will stir the world," was intent upon "the intellectual fad of the moment. Plato and Spinoza rather wrong side up. Was man once a monkey?" And finally she seeks healing in the Church and re-writes the work of her life, "Balaam, a religious epic in thirteen cantos." The opening line of this poem recurs to the reader's mind in a refrain all through the book:—"Sing Muse, the Seer, the Angel, and the Ass." "Either of two incompatible qualities," says Maarten Maartens, "will carry a poor human soul through life's storms without utter shipwreck: a sense of the ridiculous, or a veneration for the absurd." A favourite writer, he dissembles so well that perhaps his readers generally do not suspect him of hiding didactic purposes up his sleeve, and we do not remember any essay having been written yet upon the Ethics of Maarten Maartens. In the present book he would teach poor humanity the health and virtue of willing sacrifice; and follows a train of thought similar to that in his former story, "God's Fool."

NOSTALGIA. By Grazia Deledda. Translated by Helen Hester Colvill. 6s. (Chapman and Hall.)

In her Introduction the translator is not complimentary to this country in regard to our appreciation of contemporary foreign authors, and she mentions that this particular book by Grazia Deledda "is in process of translation into German, Spanish, Russian, Dutch, Swedish, and French. In England alone—poor, isolated, ignorant England—is the author's name almost unknown." It is not a conspicuously helpful way in which to conciliate and attract readers. Miss Colvill's introductory attack might well have been omitted, for the book speaks eloquently for itself, proving to be a distinguished and subtle analysis of the character of an Italian woman, one Regina. The plot is unimportant, and we are given but slight sketches of the other characters of the book. But Regina is drawn with unsparing detail and supreme skill. There may be readers to whom the long-drawn-out descriptions of the feelings of the complicated character will prove tiresome, and she may be accused of hysteria; but few will fail to find in "Nostalgia" a worthy piece of artistry. It would appear to one who has read only the English version that nothing of the charm of the work has been lost in translation from the Italian.

OUT OF GLOUCESTER. By J. B. Connolly. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

Of recent years there have not been more than three men who have been able to write of the sea and the seafaring life with such intimacy and such imaginative vision as to get the very sound and tang and roughness and brute energy of it into their pages; and Mr. J. B. Connolly is one of the three. You cannot read these stories of a New England seining fleet without coming to a singularly vivid realisation of what life is aboard the fishing boats there, and the manner of men who are living it. You can almost believe, when you come to the end, that you have actually been out with them and seen them at work on the heaving, shadowy waters in the dark of the night, or running for land with a black storm blowing up in their tracks, and every now and then catching at some whitening, seething giant of a wave, and swirling and scattering it sheer across their streaming decks. The stories are full of incident and character, and the art of them is such that you are perhaps even more interested in the people themselves than in their dangerous or humorous experiences and thrilling adventures. They have colour and atmosphere, are written with a fitting gusto and breezy freshness, and make a delightfully varied and entertaining volume.

WILD JUSTICE. By Lloyd Osbourne. 6s. (Heinemann.)

The collective title of Mr. Lloyd Osbourne's nine tales refers apparently to the rough equity of the South Sea Islands; to the justice of sailors safely away from legal machinery, of natives, and of the two in their relations together. It also, we fancy, has reference to that deeper justice which makes a great passion worth while, whatever the tragic consequences, and which led Baudelaire to exclaim: "Mais qu'importe l'éternité de la damnation à qui a trouvé dans une seconde l'infini de la jouissance!" For in these stories where white man meets brown, the nature of the former is stirred to its primitive depths. Many have

been moved by the scene in "Westward Ho!" where the sailors are found living with native women in the wild. It will be remembered that Joseph Conrad has treated the interaction of black and white with matchless insight; has used it, indeed, as a searchlight on our civilisation. Mr. Osbourne is not so subtle a psychologist as the author of "Lord Jim." He is more of a story-teller. In the best of this nine, Jack Haviland—yearning to leave the squalor aboard and the debauchery ashore of life in a tramp's fo'c'stle, and to have a home—deserts from "the sea, that took all and gave nothing." A Samoan girl and her kinsfolk develop all the good which was latent in his nature, and he works for them as they never could themselves. Their life is a successful idyll, until the Powers harry the islands, and then—the end. If the psychology of the story holds good—and we think it does—"The Renegade" is a very fine effort. It is told with the vividness and beauty and straightforwardness that distinguish this volume. "Wild Justice" is a book to be recommended. There are men in it.

THE TRIUMPHS OF EUGENE VALMONT. By Robert Barr. 6s. (Hurst and Blackett.)

Detectives themselves now write their reminiscences. To whom they appeal, we do not know, but we have certainly seen them published with great flourish of trumpets, in country newspapers. Fiction is not to be outdone. Mr. Robert Barr has written the reminiscences of Eugène Valmont, imaginary chief detective to the Government of France; and they seem to be distinctly better than the real thing of the aforesaid country newspapers. As for reality—— King Edward, Edison, the peerage, Park Lane, Scotland Yard, and Christie's appear in Mr. Barr's pages. The cases are told with that clearness and wealth of circumstantial detail which the ordinary policeman, on the look-out for promotion, would make use of, if he could. What more is wanted? Give us Eugène Valmont, and, like Kate of the "Tempest," we

"Would cry to the real thing, *Go, hang!*"

In the beginning, the diamond necklace—that of Carlyle's "Diamond Necklace"—is found in an attic, and put up to auction in Paris. It is Valmont's duty to prevent theft or fraud. And he makes such a complicated mess of the affair that his Government, become a laughing-stock, dismisses him without pension or testimonial. After a period of poverty in Soho, he begins his Triumphs, which end, in this book, with the case of the Blair Emeralds and a marriage. Eugène Valmont is an excellent specimen of his kind. His remarks on the Englishman's "grotesque ideas regarding the liberty of the subject" should at least make us thankful that our police are somewhat less autocratic than other people's.

THE SAME CLAY. By James Blyth. 6s. (E. Grant Richards.)

The realistic truthfulness of "The Same Clay," and the unquestionable skill and power with which it is written, almost reconcile one to the rank unpleasantness of it. The story itself is sordid and squalid in the extreme. The scene is laid in that East Anglia with which Mr. Blyth has shown such intimacy in former novels, and the story is of a swinish, beer-swilling villager, Jack Grisney, who carries on a base intrigue with his friend's wife whilst his own wife lies helpless, slowly dying of paralysis; it is the story also of an artist, Walter Pettifer, who, coming from London to stay with his friends the Bellamys, meets with an accident and, being nursed by his friend's pretty and shallow wife, makes love to and intrigues with her until their secret is betrayed, and the inevitable break-up of the household follows. Nothing but some breath of great and overmastering passion, some saving touch of poetry, could raise such a story out of the mud of mere realism and make such tragedy of it as would justify the telling of all its repellent details; and these saving graces are unfortunately absent. Mr. Blyth is a novelist of rare ability, but he is either unfortunate in his choice of subjects or in his treatment of them. It is not enough that a story shows amazing powers of observation and is literally true; some truths are not worth telling, and others not because they are supremely squalid and earthy, but because there is some soul of beauty in them, divine or otherwise, that the author knows how to reveal.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. SMITH, ELDER AND CO.

Elizabeth Carter, whose life covered nearly the whole of the eighteenth century, was probably the most intellectually gifted of the women who constituted the so-called Blue-Stocking Club. Her life is now retold in a pleasant volume, entitled **A Woman of Wit and Wisdom** (7s. 6d. net), by Mrs. Alice Gaussen, who has had the co-operation of a descendant of Mrs. Carter. At this distance of time it is a little difficult to take the Blue-Stockings quite so seriously as they took themselves, however much we may applaud the excellence of their intention, which was primarily that of banishing cards and substituting the delights of intellectual conversation. The predominant feeling with which we laid down Mrs. Gaussen's careful and pious memoir was one of quickened appreciation of Miss Austen. Fanny Burney was well qualified to leave a living picture of this mutual admiration society; but the authoress of "Evelina" was herself not disinclined to a little flattery, and in a short time her "promotion" to Court turned her thoughts elsewhere. Mrs. Gaussen treats her subject with an unfortunate solemnity, but she has produced an admirable picture of one of the many features that give special picturesqueness to the records of Georgian literary life.

MR. GEORGE ALLEN.

To make sure of a good laugh one need only read **George's Whims**, by Philip Whithard (5s.). It is the farcical account of the visit of Mr. George Harcourt and Mr. Fred Milford to the seaside town of Charmouth. Mr. Fred Milford, aged something a little over twenty, was in the capacity of guardian to Mr. George Harcourt, aged about forty, and Mr. George Harcourt was that style of person addicted to uncomfortable hobbies, whom some call eccentric and some call mad, according to the extent they have been called upon to suffer. The unfortunate thing about George's hobbies was (for Fred) that Fred was invariably held responsible for them, and in consequence his popularity at Charmouth was shortly at a discount. The narrative is told by Fred in good colloquial grumbles, and whether George is in training for athletics, or dissecting unspeakable birds and beasts, or measuring the heads of the village, or playing at Vikings, or tracing pedigrees, his exploits are equally embarrassing and amusing and equally well grumbled at by Fred. George is so amiable and big and charming, and the people of the village, gentle and simple, are so full of character and wrath and forgiveness, and the situations of awful importance are so well handled, that the book stands quite apart from the usual "book of humour." Mr. Whithard's writing, faults and all, is so exactly what Fred would have written, that, faults and all, it would have been worse if bettered.

MESSRS. HUTCHINSON AND CO.

Mr. G. B. Burgin gives us in **The Only World** (6s.) a modern version of the story of the penniless younger brother who goes out into the world to win glory and riches that he may return and marry the princess. Eliot Tanqueray is the younger brother, and Lady Mary Knut is the princess. Eliot Tanqueray, after an idle life of pleasure, finds himself able to begin the world again with a hundred and fifty pounds; Lady Mary, besides her other charms, has "some ten thousand golden, annual reasons why success was her due." So Tanqueray goes to Canada, and Lady Mary——. Well, there are little complications, none of them worrying, all of them mildly entertaining, and a noble-hearted private detective and a sterling old Canadian millionaire and his daughter are in them all. The story will while away an hour or two wholesomely and pleasantly; incidentally it will advertise grape fruit, the "safety" razor, the s.s. *Cedric* of the White Star Line, and the Wednesday lunch at the "Cheshire Cheese." Mr. Burgin knows his craft, he possesses a cheeriness and facility which bring pleasure to countless readers.

From the third chapter of J. E. Buckrose's new volume, **The Wood End** (6s.), we feel that we have a somewhat unusual piece of work before us, and we are not disappointed as we read on. Without for a moment comparing the technique of the book with the technique of Meredith, it is not too much to say that the story in itself is Meredithian in conception and force. There is unevenness of merit in it, and an absence of cynicism, but in an absolutely clear and direct manner the story of a girl's heart and soul is revealed with a glow and glamour, an insight and relentlessness which arrest attention and command admiration. Rose Daly is loved by and loves Philip Harford, they contract a secret marriage, and she wakes one morning to find him dead by her side. The schooling of her nature and the blow after blow which follow—the life and death of her child, the death and life of her soul—are finely imagined. The story takes place in the North of England, and there is a certain touch of North-country harshness—almost brutality—here and there; but it is the right thing for the book, and the happy ending is achieved without literary violence.

MESSRS. GAY AND BIRD.

There is a wealth of discursive gossip in Sir J. P. Boucaut's **Letters to My Boys** (6s.), coupled with an air of self-satisfaction, which is likely to irritate a reader. The author is a man blessed with enthusiasm and noticeable for his interest in everyday details. Yet in spite of these qualities, the "Letters" do not give the impression of epistolary intimacy. One understands, of course, that they have been edited for the public eye; nevertheless they lack that touch which is one of the great charms

in the style of the letter-writers of celebrity. Sir James is a Cornishman who has travelled far and lived in many countries. He has chronicled facts, important and unimportant, till his book is a storehouse in which to dive for information, and taking it as we find it, not asking for charm or style when we have been given generously of other things, we take the good things with thanks, and only wish that a greater generosity of outlook, a less dictatorial, self-satisfied spirit could have permeated these pages.

MESSRS. LONGMANS, GREEN AND CO.

Not half of us would have guessed the delightful entertainment which can be gained by looking at clergymen and their wives and families. When Mr. W. G. Edwards Rees shows what he himself has seen, in **The Parson's Outlook** (5s. 6d. net), we enjoy and are taught many things, and we do it with a smiling eye and a softened heart. We see parsons of many styles and tendencies, wives who are helps, and those who are somewhat otherwise. We see their work, their trials, their idiosyncracies, their opinions. We see them holidaying, toiling, preaching, living in their homes. With wit and kindliness, with keen insight and a broad mind, with humour, patience, admiration and tolerance, Mr. Rees has observed and noted; and as a result we have one of those volumes of perennial interest—the writing of a man about men—set down with wit and scholarship, with appreciation and justice, and without a grain of malice. It is a manly book and something more: it is the book of a gentleman; and the daughters of clergymen will glow when they read it.

MESSRS. HURST AND BLACKETT.

"It would be very easy for me to 'pile on the agony'; to represent the Emperor as a 'much-ridden man'; to picture plots and counter-plots; to speak of hair-breadth escapes from death; of hidden bombs; of life made horrible by fears; but no such things have occurred in my six years at the Russian Court, and I am a *truthful* person, and have not started forth to write fiction, but plain, unvarnished truth." This interesting statement gives the key to the volume, **Six Years in the Russian Court**, by M. Eager (6s. net), who for six years had charge of the little Grand Duchesses of Russia. The simply-written narrative is full of interest, and one may learn from it to allow more than the traditional grain of salt to the wonderful concoctions of journalists who profess to describe for us the home life of the Russian Court. On the other hand, it may well be that the author is also a little prejudiced, and willing to see only the bright side of things. For her charges were children first and Grand Duchesses afterwards, and this unpretentious volume owes its charm to the evidence it affords of the pleasant relationship that grew up between the Royal children and their Irish governess.

MESSRS. SWAN SONNENSCHEIN AND CO.

The appearance of a new work of reference is always matter of interest to all who are directly or indirectly concerned with books. It is something of an event when the addition is made to a series so familiar and justly appreciated as Messrs. Sonnenschein's Reference Library. The new volume, **A Dictionary of Quotations** (German), by Lilian Dalbiac (7s. 6d.), will enhance the reputation of this excellent and indispensable series. The original intention was to combine German and Spanish, but the author and publishers have wisely allocated the German a volume by itself. To bookmen it is enough to say that the new volume is as good as Colonel Dalbiac's Dictionary of English Quotations and Dalbiac and Harbottle's French and Italian Quotations. To those outside the pale, we may say that the book contains some two thousand five hundred of the best-known German quotations, each accompanied by an English translation, and admirable English-German and German-English indexes. It is not rash to infer from our acquaintance with the series that familiarity and use will confirm our first impression of the excellence and utility of this new volume.

MR. ANDREW MELROSE.

A companion book to "Unto You Young Men" has been written by Archdeacon Sinclair, and its worth should be rated highly by all who have the care of girls and by girls and women themselves. **Unto You Young Women** (2s. 6d. net) is a volume which is enjoyable for many reasons. Its friendly counsel, its interesting references, apt quotations, its bright, intimate style, and sound, healthy writing cause it as a whole to fill a place left unfilled by other books. It is an everyday guide in life, directing the behaviour, warning the impulses for good, and opening the understanding towards yet greater books.

MR. ALSTON RIVERS.

Mr. Hansard Watt, addressing his critics in **Home-Made History from Unreliable Recipes** (2s. 6d. net), says:

> "And if my lines you basely ban
> With epithets remorseless,
> And say they were not meant to scan,
> Or that their 'points' are forceless,
> Believe me, I shall not repine——
> The error will be yours, not mine!"

After that we feel disinclined to talk about scansion or power; we merely feel impelled to say that these versified narratives of the Early Britons, their ways and their vicissitudes, are to be commended to every Later Briton. His trials may be different from those of his ancestors, but we guarantee that even if he fails to sympathise he will not fail to appreciate—the chronicling of Mr. Watt. He spares—we mean omits—neither Julius Cæsar nor Guy Fawkes, neither Canute nor Queen Elizabeth, King Alfred nor the Norman William. If Mr. Watt has not written an epic, that is merely because he chose to be infinitely more amusing.

MESSRS. CASSELL AND CO.

Mrs. Harold Gorst has followed up "This, Our Sister" with another Hogarthian study, which might have been called "The Orphan's Progress." Its real title is **The Light** (6s.), which is explained in the last page of the book by the penitent and sorely tried girl's passionate wish that the blindness of her child of shame might be the means of re-establishing her faith in God and man. It is an able, but too relentless, study without shading of any kind, and the author, in breaking off the story with a vague indication of better times for her heroine yet to come, is not quite consistent or persuasive. The premises do not warrant any optimistic conclusion. In her anxiety to point the moral, Mrs. Gorst forgets the tale, and her story leaves us unmoved and incredulous. On the moral side the book is ineffective, for the reason that Mrs. Gorst displays to us a misfortune pursued by a nemesis such as could rarely attend the results of vice. This is an able novel which fails to convince us, because it is built on the sand of a crude and imperfect theory.

MESSRS. SISLEY'S, LIMITED.

To a welcome series—a series of books of humour—Mr. Keble Howard contributes **Our John, M.P.** (1s. net), in which he attempts to depict something of the impossible situation of a Labour member of Parliament who strives to follow the dictates of his constituents, his family, and his own desires. Naturally the book has a Gilbertian touch of farce. "Our John, M.P.," in his own home at Denmark Dale, at the House, at the lecture hall, at the Countess of Leamington's reception, is—as has been said of Mr. Keble Howard's work before—"irradiated with a gentle brilliance." He becomes a little less gentle and more brilliant ("our John," not Mr. Keble Howard) at the end, when he is "suspended" for six months. The book is bright and topical, and neatly hits off a political phase.

Reprints and New Editions.

From Mrs. Grant Richards comes Number Three in her pretty little **Venetian Series,** Coleridge's "Rime of the Ancient Mariner" (6d. net). The type and paper of these booklets are unusually good, and the cover design in Venetian colours is attractive.

Messrs. Sisley's, Limited, who are giving much of their attention to the publication of reprints, are including the children among the clients for whom they are taking thought. Sixpence is a sum which many a child may even save for itself, and sixpence is the price of their new series of **Children's Classics.** Two new volumes lie before us, "Ivanhoe" and "The Enchanted Pearl"—real little bound volumes in gay covers, with coloured illustrations inside.

New Books of the Month.

MARCH 10TH TO APRIL 10TH.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

BAIN, JOHN A., M.A.—The New Reformation. 9s. 6d. net. (T. and T. Clark)

BARNES, VERY REV. MONSIGNOR, A. S., M.A.—The Witness of the Gospels. 6d. net ..... (Sands)

BLACK, REV. ARMSTRONG, D.D.—Ruth: A Hebrew Idyl. 3s. 6d. net. ..... (Hodder and Stoughton)

DE LA BROISE, RENE-MARIE.—Saint Mary the Virgin. 3s. (Duckworth)

DRIVER, S. R., D.D., Editor.—The Book of Job. 2s. 6d. net. (The Clarendon Press)

DU BOSE, WILLIAM PORCHER, M.A., S.T.D.—The Gospel in the Gospels. 5s. net. ..... (Longmans)

GALE, F. HOLDERNESS.—The Story of Protestanism. Illustrated. 6s. ..... (Cassell)

Mr. Gale has written within wonderfully brief compass an accurate and attractive sketch of the history of Protestantism, ranging from the Lollards to the Covenanters. Excellent use has been made of the best authorities, so that while the book is directed in the first place to juvenile readers, it will be found a useful short manual alike by the student and the general reader. "That such a volume is needed at the present time," says the Editor of the *Quiver* in the preface which he contributes to the volume, "is obvious when one realises the lessened zeal for Protestantism which is a feature of our national life."

GARROD, H. W.—The Religion of All Good Men. 5s. net. (Constable)

INGE, WILLIAM RALPH, M.A., D.D.—Studies of English Mystics. 6s. net. ..... (John Murray)

INGRAM, RT. REV. ARTHUR. F. WINNINGTON, D.D.—The Gospel in Action. ..... (Wells, Gardner)

A volume of appealing and encouraging sermons, preached by the Bishop of London to congregations of varied tastes and occupations. In all the message is stirring and direct. Here will be found, among others, the much misunderstood—or misrepresented—sermon, preached in all love and kindliness to the undergraduates of Oxford.

LEE, CHARLES.—Cosmic Ethics. 3s. 6d. ..... (H. J. Drane)

LEIGH, THE HON. AGNES.—Talks on the Beatitudes. 3d. (Wells Gardner)

LLEWELLYN, D.—The Forgotten Sheaf. 1s. 6d. net. (The Kingsgate Press)

In this bright volume of addresses for children, Mr. Llewellyn catches hold of the apparently small points in the Bible narratives, points which children will understand and

be interested in, and he impresses his short lesson from the moral to be drawn from these. He talks of the first money-box mentioned in Scripture, the chest in the lid of which Jehoiada bored a hole for money. He draws attention to Naaman's temper and its lessons; to Joseph's neatness, when "he shaved himself and changed his raiment" before going to Pharaoh; and to many another point; so giving dignity to the smallest act, and value to the most trifling self-restraint. The book should prove of great help to parents and teachers.

LYNCH, THOMAS T.—A Short Service of Prayer, Praise, and Sermon. 3d. net. ..... (A. C. Fifield)
MAGEE, REV. A. V., M.A.—For the Sins of the Whole World. 3d. ..... (Wells Gardner)
MATHESON, REV. GEORGE, D.D.—Rests by the River. 5s. (Hodder and Stoughton)
MOYES, RT. REV. MGR. CANON, D.D.—The Existence of God. 6d. net. ..... (Sands)
RICHMOND, WILFRID.—The Gospel of the Rejection. 5s. net. (John Murray)
SINCLAIR, ARCHDEACON.—Unto you Young Women. 2s. 6d. net. ..... (Melrose)
UNITARIANS BELIEVE AND TEACH, WHAT DO?—By Various Writers. 2s. net. (British and Foreign Unitarian Association)
WALPOLE, REV. G. H. S., D.D.—Personality and Power. 2s. 6d. net. ..... (Elliot Stock)

In this volume Dr. Walpole preaches the important truth which is far too little taught and realised—the truth that the personality, the influence, the example of every single man, woman, and child, of whatever class, creed, or occupation, is of high value and genuine importance. With apt references to distinct Biblical characters and characteristics, he makes good his contention that self, the culture of self, and the spending of self, are great powers and real attractions, making for widespread good.

WHITTAKER, THOMAS.—Apollonius of Tyana, and other Essays. 3s. 6d. net. ..... (Sonnenschein)
"Z."—A Soul's Wayfaring. 3s. 6d. ..... (Arrowsmith)

An interesting chronicle of the spiritual journey through life of a man of individual thought and, at times, turbulent emotions. The soul written of is the soul of a one-time Anglican rector, and "Z." follows the tale of his experiences from restless childhood, through ordination and the subsequent ministry, till the chafing, complex nature is left in comparative rest within the walls of a monastery. There is much in the book which may be strongly opposed and criticised, but it reads as a sincere account of a troubled soul.

NEW EDITIONS.

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SINCLAIR, VEN. WILLIAM MACDONALD, D.D.—"Unto you Young Men." 2s. 6d. net. ..... (Melrose)

FICTION.

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BOOTHBY, GUY.—The Race of Life. 5s. ..... (Ward, Lock)
BUCKROSE, J. E.—The Wood End. 6s. ..... (Hutchinson)
BURGIN, G. B.—The Only World. 6s. ..... (Hutchinson)
CAMPBELL, FRANCES.—Dearlove. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton)
CHARLTON, S.—Lamia. 3s. 6d. ..... (Gay and Bird)
CLEEVE, LUCAS.—The Secret Church. 6s. ..... (Digby, Long)
CONNOLLY, JAMES B.—Out of Gloucester. Illustrations. 6s. ..... (Hodder and Stoughton)
CROCKETT, S. R.—Kid McGhie. Illustrations. 6s. (James Clarke)
CUTTING, MARY STEWART.—Little Stories of Married Life. 5s. ..... (Hodder and Stoughton)
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EVERETT-GREEN, E.—The Magic Island. 6s. ... (Hutchinson)
GALLON, TOM.—Jimmy Quixote. 6s. ... (Hurst and Blackett)

For a good readable story Mr. Gallon can always be relied on. "Jimmy Quixote" is a tale of literary life, and contains a love-story that ends happily after running in tragical and pathetic grooves. The first half of the story introduces us to "Old Paul," a cleverly-drawn picture of a delightful character. The story reflects, it is true, but one little corner of literary Bohemia, but it reveals intimate knowledge, in addition to an admirable narrative skill.

GREY, CYRIL.—A Manse Rose. 3s. 6d. .....(Cassell)
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Reared and educated as the son of Lord and Lady Waterfield, disillusionment came hard to Rupert Waterfield, the child of an opera singer and a disreputable father who lived long enough to poison his son's life by telling him the unexpected truth. Rejected by the worldly girl whom he loved, Rupert married the "Maid of the Inn," and started to conquer the world afresh by his pen. The result of this rash revenge on fortune is skilfully depicted. The "Maid of the Inn" dies, and the end of the story is only faintly foreshadowed. But even inexperienced readers will know what is going to happen to Rupert after Peggy has "slipped an azalea spray into his hand."

LANYON, H. SANT MARTIN.—The Married Bachelor. 6s. (Greening)

This "farcical romance," as it is described by its author, begins with several pages of a preface and a table of *dramatis personæ*. The title is borrowed from Balzac, and its apparent paradox means only that it relates some episodes in the life of a man "who lived a student's life, entirely apart from his wife, to whom, by the way, he was devoted, shut up in his den, deserting the blessed state of matrimony as it is understood nowadays, developing into a bookworm and a mystic." The paradoxical title is justified by a book considerably off the beaten track of fiction.

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"The east wing was never rebuilt; in its place Eric raised a majestic Gothic chapel, which re-echoes to the chants of olden time, for the Earl and Countess of Cadgewent have reverted to the ancient creed of their ancestors." From this peroration one may infer that "The Expiation of The Lady Anne" is a story after the school of Mrs. Henry Wood—or of Mrs. Wood as interpreted by Bret Harte. The women all bear such names as Beryl and Mercedes, and they suddenly inherit legacies of forty thousand pounds.

PRYCE, GWENDOLEN.—A Son of Arvon. 6s. (Fisher Unwin)
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Rose of My Life. 2s. 6d. net. ..... (Chiswick Press)

This anonymous poet suffers from a too voluptuous style of writing. The little volume is a record of love, but there is a sameness in the work which is very apt to cloy before many pages are turned.

SHARPLEY, HUGO, M.A.—A Realist of the Ægean. 2s. 6d. net. (David Nutt)

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The poems of Christina Rossetti are too seldom printed to allow us to pass over a new volume without a word of welcome and renewed admiration. The Red Letter Library seems particularly well suited to a collection of her work. This pretty volume includes "Goblin Market," and many another favourite, and an intelligent Introduction gives an added value to the whole.

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